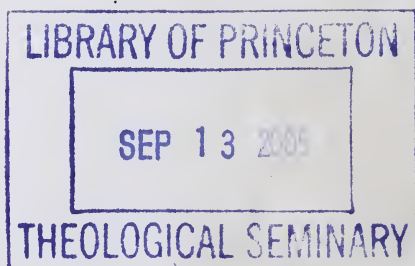


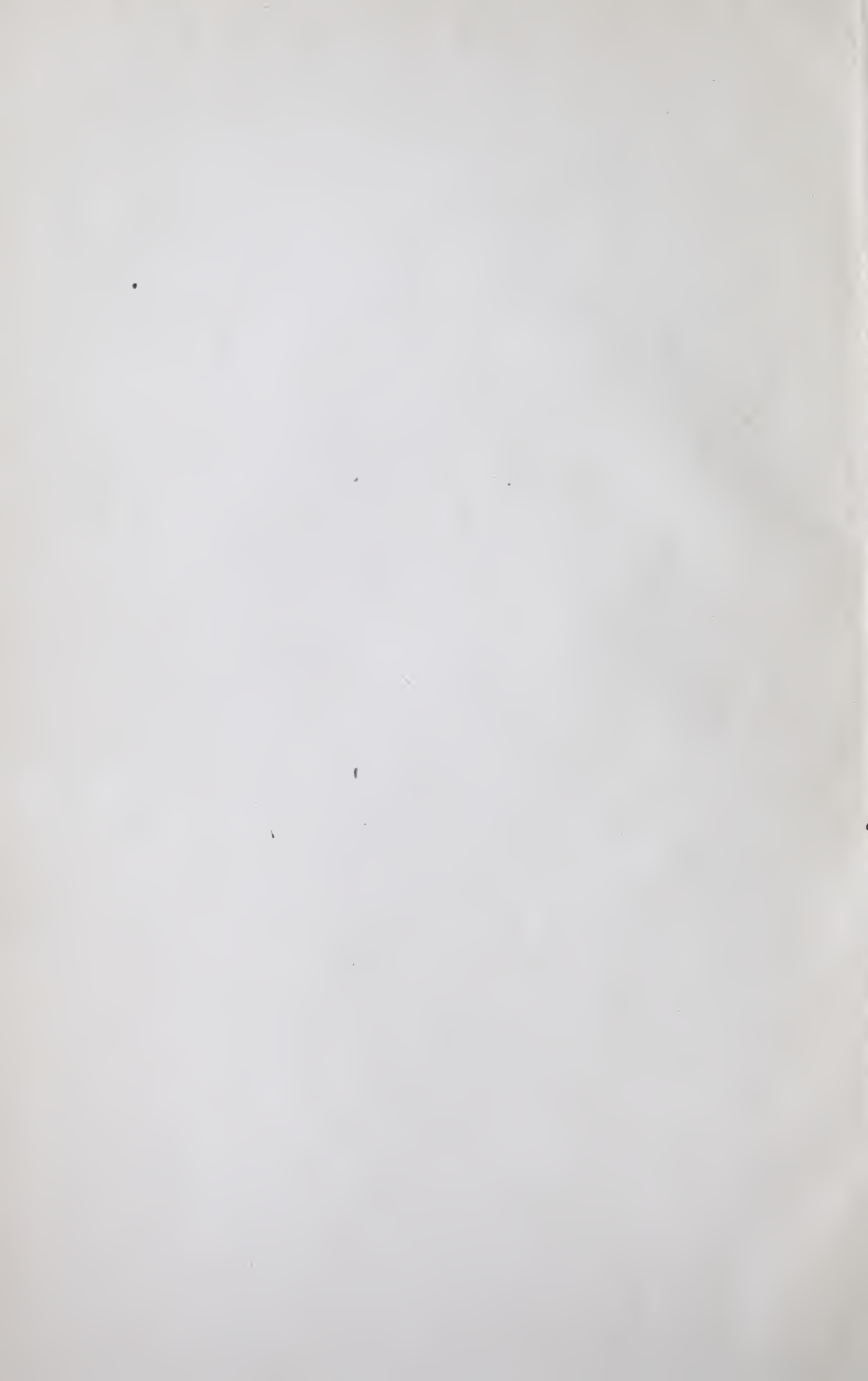
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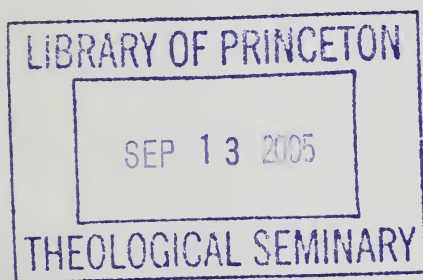
# The Land of Storms and Hope

A SHORT HISTORY OF  
THE ENGLISH CHURCH  
IN SOUTH AFRICA

*By*

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1921

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TO  
THE RIGHT REVEREND  
MICHAEL BOLTON FURSE  
AND TO  
MRS. FURSE  
THIS SHORT HISTORY OF  
THE CHURCH  
IN A COUNTRY WHERE  
THEIR NAME WILL  
LONG BE TREASURED  
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



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## CHAPTER I.

“South African storms are followed by brilliant sunshine, and though the clouds are often of the blackest—

‘Yet Hope had never lost her youth,’

and the brighter name has survived, and will, we may still trust, finally justify its selection.”

*Bishop Hamilton Baynes.*

Let us begin this short history by stating two or three things that everybody knows.

The English Church is one of the three branches into which the One Catholic Church of Christendom is unhappily divided.

About 1,000 years after Christ, the Church divided into two parts, Eastern and Western. The Eastern (that is, east of Europe—Greece, Serbia, etc.) took the name of Orthodox (right-judging) to itself, and the Western, which we call the Roman, took to itself especially the name of Catholic (world-wide). In the sixteenth century (the fifteen-hundreds), five hundred years later, the English or Anglican Church, decided to cleanse itself from various impurities which were staining Christian life in all civilized countries, and the Roman Church threw it off, or “renounced communion with it”—so that since then, there have been three branches of the Christian Church instead of two.

At the same time, several bodies of Christians drew away from the old Church altogether, some in Great Britain and some in the continent of Europe. These are the various Protestant bodies—Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, Quakers; and later on Methodists, Wesleyans and their offshoots.

These denominations are like fresh shoots coming up from the roots of a great tree, beneath its bran-

ches. One of the most important differences between them and the older branches is that they are not ruled by bishops—or that those which have bishops (for instance, the National Churches of Norway and Sweden) do not trace their line right back to the Apostles. This difference is based on principles which go down so deep into Christian life, that it has hitherto made a grave separation between the new and the older fellowships of Christian people—a separation which has injured their good name in the eyes of the world, and hindered their mission work.

The English or Anglican Church is not confined to the English nation, any more than the Roman is to Italians,—or the Greek Church, with its Russian and Japanese members, to Greeks. The mark by which to tell an English churchman is the Prayer-book; that is to say, an English churchman takes the Book of Common Prayer as the rule for Public Worship, and does not teach or believe things to which it is contrary.

In every nation, Christian or heathen, there is some connection between State and Church—in other words, between business and religion, or “week-day things” and “Sunday things”; and so the English Church in *England* is bound and fettered by English laws, in a way that does not hold in other countries—for instance, in America.

This was the Church that was planted in South Africa when England first took possession of the Cape;\* but it was a very puny seed; the seedling only began to show signs of healthy life when the first Bishop was sent to rule it, in 1848.

Why was this branch of the Church for half a century without its natural head?

When we read the story of the Church in the early days, from New Testament times till those of Con-

\*In 1795.

stantine, the order of bishops seems a simple thing and indispensable; a flock must have its shepherd, a building must have its master-builder, and so a town full of Christians must have its bishop—a poor and humble man, like Ignatius or Polycarp, but responsible as shepherd for his sheep. But when we look thirteen centuries later down the stream of time, a great fear and apprehension of bishops seems to prevail. “Prelates” are the dread and horror of all the protestant bodies; and not only that, but ministers of the English crown, churchmen themselves, seem at times to have a most extraordinary fear of bishops being appointed to British colonies.

The reason for this, to put it very meagrely and shortly, is that in the Middle Ages bishops were very often combatant and worldly princes. In the “Dark Ages” (the centuries before and after Charlemagne) they were often forced to be the armed protectors of their people in most countries of Europe—less perhaps in England than anywhere. Through the Middle Ages they held very high positions in Army or Council of the Realm; and after the Reformation they retained (in many cases) their state, wealth, and worldly pomp, without their power. This seems to have been the reason why ministers of the English kings feared to let the Church have its own rulers in America, in Canada and India; S. Africa was the very last of the great dependencies to receive a bishop of its own.

Until 1848, then, the life of the English Church was carried on under great difficulties in the two S. African colonies, Cape Colony and Natal. The Church of the Cape Province established by law was the Dutch Reformed Church—one of those which we

\*America 1784, Canada 1787, India 1814, Australia 1836, N. Zealand 1841.

have described as offshoots rather than branches. The Cape became (for a short time) an English possession in 1795, and permanently so in 1806; no doubt all the Governors sent out by the English Crown were members of the established church at home; but it was not their work to promote the English Church abroad, for this might have seemed to increase the favour shown to English over Dutch. So a few military and "colonial" chaplains held services "by permission of the Governor," which English people could attend if they wished to; and as the Church was not sending missions to the heathen Hottentots or Kaffirs, non-conformist societies stepped into the vacant place, and in this way the London Missionary Society began its work.

When S. Africa came under the British in 1806, there were 2,700 Europeans, chiefly Dutch, in the colony; 1,800 free Hottentots, and 2,900 slaves, many being Malays. In 1820, 4,000 British emigrants of the best type were settled in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony by the British Government, and the town of Port Elizabeth began to rise. In 1848, when Bishop Gray landed in Cape Town, his diocese contained seven to eight hundred thousand people, of whom perhaps 20,000 were English, and less than half of these members of the English Church. Fourteen clergymen, with eleven churches, had to minister to these families scattered all over the Eastern and Western Provinces, so that it is no wonder the young people born in Africa lost hold of the Church they were heirs to.

Now let us throw one more look back over the past, before we come to S. Africa as it is to-day.

The English Church, founded in the seventh century by Augustine and Aidan, was forced to separate from the Roman Church in the period of the Tudor princes (the 16th century or the fifteen-hundreds);

all through that century and the two following, Europeans continued to found settlements overseas, and took their own form of worship with them. French colonists took the Roman Catholic worship to Canada, and Spaniards carried it to S. America; the Dutch took the Calvinist form to N. America and S. Africa; English took the Congregational form to New England, and the forms of their national church to Virginia, India, and the Cape. Missions to the heathen had been carried on by Jesuits in North and South America, India and Japan; by the English Church chiefly in the West Indies; and by Protestant societies (French, Danish, Norwegian, Swiss, Scotch, English) in almost every continent, but on a small scale. In S. Africa, several missions were at work; the London Missionary Society had sent northwards those two famous men, Moffatt and Livingstone; while another of its members, Dr. Philip, had earned the deep resentment of the colonists by interfering between them and the British government, and misrepresenting (so it was said) Sir Benjamin D'Urban's efforts to give protection to white and black alike.

It was clear to all who cared about Christianizing S. Africa, that the work of the English Church was languishing for want of a Head. "Everyone does what is right in his own eyes," wrote Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, who visited the country in 1832. "We want a bishop out here very much," wrote Mr. Scott, a priest working at George, in 1847. In 1841 the conscience of church folk in England was so far roused that they founded the Colonial Bishopric Fund (of which Mr. Gladstone was an earnest supporter); and six years later, they had collected enough money to pay the stipend of a bishop for Cape Colony.

## CHAPTER II.

## ROBERT GRAY.

He shows how authority and freedom need not be in antagonism, how individual faith may be expressed in social duty.

The man who was to be first Bishop of Cape Town was Robert Gray, vicar of a large town in the county of Durham. Let us see how he had been formed for the work.

His father, also Robert Gray, was bishop of Bristol for seven years, and those years fell partly in the short reign of William IV. Now this reign was marked by two great events—the passing of the Reform Bill, which enabled poor men to vote for Parliament; and the abolition of slavery within the British Empire. The bishops did not, as a body, favour “Abolition,” and most of them steadily opposed the measure for “Reform”; so the working-people of England looked on them as enemies, and in Bristol the episcopal palace was burnt and the cathedral threatened. The stout-hearted bishop calmly preached there on the day of the riot, remarking: “Where can I die better than in my own cathedral?” Robert, his seventh son, was abroad at the time; all through his boyhood his health had been delicate, and several of his best-loved brothers and sisters had died young; but he recovered, was ordained, and worked very hard in two parishes in the north of England, leading his parishioners to value the full inherited teaching of their mother-church.

Robert Gray was labouring in the busy town of Stockton, the terminus of Stephenson's first railway, when he was asked to take the office of Bishop in a distant colony. At first he refused, feeling unworthy of so high a task, but after a while the call of duty became clearer, and his noble-hearted wife encouraged him to obey. In 1847 the resolve was made, and he was consecrated\* "Suffragan to the Archbishop of Canterbury for Cape Colony." At the end of the year he sailed, with his family and seven helpers, for his new diocese and home.

1848 was a year of great disturbance and distress in Europe, revolutions on the continent and threatenings of unrest in England. In S. Africa it was less disturbed, and Bishop Gray began his work by visiting many of the loneliest and most distant parts of his huge diocese. After some short visits to places near Cape Town, he started in a waggon drawn by eight horses, to trek the six hundred miles to Grahamstown.

This was the place to which that impetuous hero, Sir Harry Smith, had ridden across country in six days, thirteen years before, to stem a Kaffir invasion. Bishop Gray took seven weeks to reach it, because his journey was one of continual halts and meetings with scattered English colonists. "900 miles and not a single English church," he wrote from Uitenhage. One farmer travelled 180 miles to ask for confirmation; another brought his two daughters 25 miles with the same object; 900 people altogether were confirmed at different centres, the Dutch readily lending their churches for the service. At Grahamstown a synod (or solemn meeting of clergy), was held, the seven priests who worked in the Eastern

\*In Westminster Abbey, on St. Peter's Day, by Archbishop Howley and ten other bishops.

Province gathering together for counsel; but almost before this was ended, Bishop Gray had to hurry off to King William's Town, ninety miles nearer the Kaffir frontier, because the Governor sent him an urgent summons to an important meeting of Kaffir chiefs. Thirty great chiefs from Kaffraria were assembled; and Sir Harry Smith, who had convinced them of the supremacy of Queen Victoria, now wished to prove to them also the greatness of the English Church.

"The great father of the Christians," said he, "the Lord Bishop—the chief minister of this land, of the church and religion of our Queen, who was appointed to teach me and all in this land the way to heaven, and to whom all the Christians look up as to their great chief in religion, rode ninety miles yesterday from Grahamstown to be present at this meeting; he has come to ask you how he can do you good, and especially to see if he can establish schools among you or send ministers to you; and you must talk the matter over amongst yourselves, and promise to help and support the teachers, by giving a calf or something to feed them."

It was not many years before a mission was begun amongst these people; but that story must wait a little, while we follow Bishop Gray on the rest of his three-hundred-mile visitation, by roundabout ways back to Cape Town.

Twenty helpers had come out with him from England or followed him soon afterwards—some priests and some laymen. Five of these went east almost at once, and took up work in the towns where the "1820 settlers" were living—Grahamstown, Somerset, Post Retief and Cradock. Others began work in and around Cape Town. A great deal was done in the first year; large numbers of the coloured people became Christians; very many English were recalled to



NEAR GEORGE, C.C. 1855.



the faith of their fathers; the Gospel was preached among the Mahometans (Malays and others); and a church was opened especially for the poorer white people—a church which differed from the older ones in being “*entirely free*.”

These last words throw a curious light on the way in which church work was done a hundred years ago, and on some of the problems Bishop Gray and his helpers had to face. “Where were the clergy?” we ask, when we read of churches that had no place for the poor or the sailors. “Were there no priests carrying on the work entrusted to St. Peter—to ‘fish’ for men, and to tend the sheep?” There were; there had been, amongst others, a Mr. Hough, spoken of as “most excellent” by a visiting bishop in 1829; there was a Mr. Long labouring zealously at Graaff-Reinet, so that his Dutch neighbours were “enchanted with the beauties of our liturgy.” But most of these few clergy were government servants; the churches, still fewer than the clergy, had been built partly on loans to be paid back out of pew rents; and the people to whom money was owed, claimed a control over the services and even over the teaching given in the building.\*

One of the first tasks Bishop Gray undertook, was to collect money to free these churches from debt, in order that their ministers should not be hampered in the discharge of their duties. Not only was Mr. Douglas’ church in Cape Town free to all from the first, but a church at Fort Beaufort was also made open to all worshippers.

This was a new thing in S. Africa; and the fact that it was a novelty shows how far the English Church had strayed from the example of the early Christians. Difficulties of this sort, caused by

\*The Roman Catholic Church was in the same difficulty.

money, were as troublesome as hindrances connected with the State; neither, of course, were as grievous as the opposition of heathenism and of actual wickedness; but they gave the founders of the S. African church much trouble; and later on, the second set of hindrances will claim our attention.

More bishops were needed, and that without delay; one for distant St. Helena, one for Grahamstown, and one for Natal. St. Helena had to wait until 1859; but in 1853 two bishops were consecrated in England—Dr. Colenso for Natal, and the saintly Dr. Armstrong for Grahamstown. Each of these two had an archdeacon destined to win a greater name even than himself. The archdeacon of Durban was Charles Mackenzie, apostle of the mission to Central Africa, and in Grahamstown the archdeacon was Nathaniel Merriman—perhaps the most famous, and most deservedly famous, of all the pioneers.

The young church in S. Africa seemed to be fairly started on its way, with three efficient leaders and many ardent workers, whose names and achievements would fill volumes. The bishops brought differing talents to their work; all three had courage, energy, and missionary zeal. Dr. Gray had a warm-hearted homely disposition which won friends everywhere, as well as deep and firmly-rooted principle, which kept him from quarrelling with foes; Dr. Colenso brought his brilliant intellect and his sympathy with native races; Dr. Armstrong, the special features of saintliness and companionable friendliness.

Of course there were rocks in the path; a Kaffir war\* delayed the planting of missions in the land of Umhalla, the chief whom Bishop Gray had met at King William's Town; a change in the government removed those firm friends, Sir Harry and Lady

\*The eighth, in 1850.

Smith, and it was not until 1855 that the church found as true a friend in Sir George Grey; even the meeting of the first synod (solemn council of clergy and laymen) was hotly objected to—many Cape Town churchpeople thought it an act of tyranny by Bishop Gray; and the sudden death of Bishop Armstrong, after a short two years in Africa, was a crippling blow to the work. But it was not until 1861 that the storm began to blow in from Natal which was to last so many years; and meantime much valuable work had been started.

Bishop and Mrs. Gray set aside two wings of their home, Bishops court, as schools for Kaffir and Hottentot children; they gave another building of their own to be used as a collegiate school for the sons of colonists, and an eminent scholar from Oxford, Mr. Master White, came out and worked five years for it without payment. At George, a Dutch pastor with his flock of coloured people joined the church; at Grahamstown the same thing happened; in six years, seventeen churches were built or begun, as well as seven schools. In a second visitation tour, even more adventurous than the first, Bishop Gray trekked all through the land of Kaffraria; and as a result of his journey, the promised mission was begun near the Kei river.

And in '61 the church of S. Africa accomplished a great work for the interior of the "Dark Continent," for on New Year's Day Charles Mackenzie was consecrated at Cape Town first Bishop of the Zambesi country. Thirteen months later, he was in his grave; but few examples have been so inspiring as his, and the result of his devoted life and early death is seen in the wonderful story of the Universities Mission.

*Note by Canon Widdicombe on Dr. Gray.*

This great Bishop and founder of the English Church in S. Africa was a man of far vision. He used to say that he looked forward to the time when there would be a chain of bishoprics from Cape Town to Cairo. As we have seen he himself laid the first connecting link of it between S. Africa and Egypt. "But," he said, "When I speak of such a chain people regard me as a lunatic." But the chain is, however, nearly complete to-day. Only Soudan and Cairo are wanting to make it entirely so.

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## CHAPTER III.

## COLENZO.

"Reader! remember it is sixty years since,"

*Waverley.*

"The story of the church in S. Africa is most depressing," say some people, "it is full of law-suits." "Bishop Gray persecuted Bishop Colenso," say others, "for teaching things that everybody believes now."

How much truth is there in these accusations? There is really none. The story of the law-suits is a tangled one; but it is worth while to find the clue to the tangle, in order that we may see how good came out of strife.

The first of the law-suits might be called a "friendly one."

Bishop Gray summoned a Synod; Mr. Long, vicar of Mowbray in Cape Colony, refused to attend or give his people notice of it; this happened twice; the second time, the Bishop held a Court with three advisers; and "deprived" Mr. Long of the right to remain vicar.

Mr. Long appealed to the highest judges in the Colony; they upheld Dr. Gray; but an appeal to the Privy Council in England, went against the Bishop.

There was no ill-feeling, and not much harm done; for though the Privy Council gave judgment that the Bishop of Cape Town had overstepped his legal power,\* it nevertheless did lay down in law the

\*Because of the invalidity of his Letters Patent granted by the Crown.

freedom of the Colonial Church. So the net result was, loss at the moment, but gain in the long run.

But now we come to a much more serious matter—"the Colenso controversy." Dr. Colenso was a scholar and a thinker. He had published several books before he came to Natal, and in all the press of work there, he found time to write two more.

These were about the Bible; first he published a commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and then one on the "Books of Moses."

The first of these alarmed the clergy; the second astonished the world.

Colenso pointed out that there are mistakes in the figures, or numbers, mentioned in the history of Israel; he showed that the Old Testament, like other books of long ago, used round numbers, and counted both years and men in a poetical way—as all very early writers do.

"In these matters his position was perfectly right, and is now almost universally adopted; there were other more important matters in his book as to which some would now consider him right and others would differ."

But ordinary readers, Christian or not, in those days, believed that every word in the Old Testament must be taken as literally as census-figures of to-day; and so there arose a tremendous clamour in England and America—most people blaming Colenso, and saying that he undervalued the Old Testament; a few defending him, saying that he pointed the way to a really sensible and thoughtful study of the Bible.

Now most of the Bishops and heads of the Church were against Colenso; Mr. Green, Dean of Maritzburg, was the first who felt uneasy about Colenso's views.

It was not a mere detail such as that of names or numbers in the Books of Moses that alarmed him;

but he observed that the Bishop in his preaching spoke of Christ as a Teacher, but not as the Saviour.

"What is the religion we are giving to the natives?" he wondered.

"The English may have learnt the full Gospel at home; but are we to teach the Zulus that Christ is merely our Example, not our Redeemer, and that the sacraments have no real use?"

Dean Green in his distress wrote to Bishop Gray, but Gray's feeling was "Colenso is a noble fellow; do not suspect him; it will work out right." However, when the book on Romans appeared, Bishop Gray saw that his suffragan was really denying the fact that Christ was our Saviour at all; he besought him to stop the sale of it; and very soon after, as he was on a homebound steamer, a passenger said to him: "Oh, but Colenso is bringing out a book on the Pentateuch too." This doubled Dr. Gray's anxiety; in England he sought the advice of the other bishops; they all agreed with him that Colenso's books were likely to do harm, and nearly all agreed that he was much to blame for publishing them, while remaining bishop of a see.

In 1862 both Dr. Gray and Dr. Colenso were in England. The English bishops met, and all except four agreed in condemning Colenso's books; but the four who refused to condemn, were among the most eminent men of the whole "Bench". The great missionary society, S.P.G., refused to pay over to Colenso money subscribed for mission work, fearing that it would be used in teaching a religion which was not Christianity; above all there was reason to fear that men with several wives might be admitted to baptism (as indeed some of them were).

Dr. Gray returned to Africa, and held a Court which examined Colenso's writings on the charge of heresy or false teaching; he was assisted by Bishop Cotterill, of Grahamstown, and Dr. Twells, first

Bishop of the Orange Free State. The three bishops decided that Colenso's writings did contain false teaching, and that he must no longer confirm, ordain, or act as bishop in S. Africa, and Bishop Welby of St. Helena, who was unable to be present, concurred in their decision.

Colenso, who was still in England, went to law, and appealed to the Privy Council; again Bishop Gray lost his case, for the law-lords decided that his Letters Patent (see below) conferred on him no power to judge Colenso, and that the latter was free to act as Bishop after all.

Now comes the coil of difficulties arising from the Church being connected with the State. *In England*, all bishops are appointed by the Crown through the Prime Minister. They are consecrated by archbishops and bishops, and after doing homage, receive from the King authority to administer the dioceses allotted to them. (The *chief* use of this authority is to give them the right to use money or property bequeathed for religious work.) Bishop Gray's Letters Patent (authority from Queen Victoria) gave him as his see "the Cape of Good Hope with its dependencies with the Island of St. Helena"—the dependencies included Natal and the Orange Free State, with any other districts that might be conquered or annexed.

When this huge diocese was first divided, Dr. Gray felt it was best that the new bishops should have sees of their own, and not be merely assistants to himself. At the same time, it was clear that S. Africa ought to be, in church language, "a Province," not a mere appendage of the Province of Canterbury. To bring this about, in 1853 he gave up his first Letters Patent, and received fresh ones, appointing him to the much smaller diocese of Cape Town, but making him Metropolitan of the new Province of S. Africa; while two

other sets of Letters Patent appointed Dr. Colenso and Dr. Armstrong to their sees.

All this legal business cost him enormous sums in fees to lawyers, registrars, etc., but he was a man of considerable private means, and felt it right to spend freely, so that the foundations of the S. African church should be, as builders say, "well and truly laid."

The Privy Council decided for Colenso against Gray, on a point of law so small that it seems almost a quibble.

"The British Government," it said, "appointed Dr. Gray in 1847; but in 1850 it handed over all these legal matters to the Colonial Government, so it really had no power to re-appoint him in 1853."

But further, Dr. Gray's new Letters Patent were dated a little later than Dr. Colenso's; so when Colenso was appointed by the Crown, Gray was not in law his Metropolitan, and had therefore received no right or power to judge or sentence him.

The point on which Gray's party and Colenso's party were at strife can be best explained by a quotation from Dr. Hamilton Baynes, late Bishop of Natal. "One ideal at work (Gray's) was freedom for the Church to develop its organization in a new country on primitive and apostolic lines, unimpeded by the civil power and the legal entanglements which seemed, to such idealists, to encumber the Establishment in England.

"Another ideal (Colenso's) was freedom of thought and action, so that the essentials of Christianity might be presented to a vigorous and childlike race of heathens in attractive simplicity . . . .

"So stated, it might seem as though there were much kinship between these two ideals of freedom. As a matter of fact, the two came into acute and irre-

concilable conflict. For the first ideal involved freedom from the civil power, and the second found in the civil power its great ally. To the one, the Civil Courts represented all that was worldly and cold and unsympathetic, to the other they stood for the calm and dispassionate reason restraining the prejudice and passion of fanatics and securing liberty of thought.

"These were, broadly speaking, the ideals of Gray and Colenso respectively."

Thus the tussle went on. Dr. Gray found a new bishop for Natal, the admirable and self-sacrificing Mr. Macrorie, and consecrated him at Cape Town in 1869; the money which had been subscribed for Natal, however, had to be paid to Dr. Colenso; and ordinary church-people were sadly puzzled by the sight of "the Queen's bishop" and "the Church's bishop," both claiming to be their Father in God.

A few lines from Sir Evelyn Wood give a lifelike sketch of those days.

"I generally attended Colenso's church as a point of duty," wrote the great general," though I went also to the Bishop of Maritzburg's church (Macrorie) and to the Army Chaplain's. What the Bishop of Natal read was uncontroversial sound doctrine, but as a preacher he was singularly ineffective. Very short-sighted, he held his manuscript close to his eyes; thus his beautiful snowy white hair was the only thing visible to the small congregation.

"In the house he was a delightful companion. He made my acquaintance as I passed through Maritzburg in 1878 . . . and in '81 I found him a delightful guest. Sitting alone together one evening I asked: 'Are you the man who wrote that terrible arithmetic over which I shed tears at school?' 'Did you really shed tears over my arithmetic?' 'Yes, often.' 'Well,

when I was a small boy, I shed tears over every arithmetic put into my hands, and I resolved that I would write one which boys would learn without tears.' I replied: 'Ah, Bishop, but you could not write down to my level.'

"One of the other bishops observed to me: 'I do not know why you call him bishop—he is not one.' 'Well, he is the Bishop of Natal.'

'But he is only a bishop from what the lawyers say.' I answered: 'They did not appoint him, the Queen did, and she is the only Head of the Church whom I recognise.' "

These words show what Robert Gray had to fight against. He had been often called the Athanasius of the South; and rightly so, for, like St. Athanasius, he had to stand alone against the world.

Colenso won a barren victory at law and lost many friends; to outsiders it seemed as though he were fighting chiefly for dignity and money; but in the end Gray's steadfastness gained the day—the Church in Africa through these very conflicts is free to govern itself according to the law of Christ.

*Additional Note by Canon Widdicombe.*

There is an impression still prevalent that Dr. Colenso was deprived simply on account of his views on Old Testament history, but this is inaccurate. There were other charges on which he was condemned—charges involving the truth of some of the most vital doctrines of the Christian Faith. There was no condemnation of the so-called Higher Criticism as such, but only of the purely destructive utterances of the Bishop. Room was left for sane, reverent, and reasonable criticism of the Bible. The official records of the trial bear out the accuracy of this.

Bishop Gray had a deep affection for his erring brother bishop and, for a long time, refused to bring

him to trial. It was only when extreme pressure had been brought to bear upon him, and the English Bishops and high legal authorities declared that the only court in which Colenso could be tried was that of the Metropolitan of S. Africa, that he reluctantly consented to do so. But the whole case was pain and grief to him so long as he lived.

“Colenso’s object was,” says Dr. Hamilton Baynes, “not merely to propound certain views of the Bible and of Inspiration, but to test the right of clergy to hold views which to him were the truth, without disloyalty to the Church of England.”

“Bishop Colenso had good right to feel that in any trial to which he might be brought by the Bishop of Cape Town, there was no standard of legality which they would both recognise. The standard by which he claimed to be tried was the legal formularies of the Church of England. The standard which alone would satisfy Bishop Gray was the Catholic Church.”



# TABLE OF THE BISHOPS OF

| Date | Cape Town          | Grahamstown     | Natal                   |               |                      |            |
|------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|---------------|----------------------|------------|
| 1847 | R. GRAY            | J. ARMSTRONG    | J. COLENSO              | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1853 | ...                | COTTERILL       | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1857 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | St. Helena    | Bloemfontein         | ...        |
| 1859 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | P. CLAUGHTON  | (O.F.S.)             | ...        |
| 1862 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | P.Ctranslated | ...                  | ...        |
| 1863 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | WELBY         | E. TWELLS            | ...        |
| 1869 | ...                | ...             | MACROIE<br>(Maritzburg) | ...           | A. B. WEBB           | Zululan    |
| 1870 | ...                | C. to Edinburgh | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | T. WILKINS |
| 1871 | ...                | N. MERRIMAN     | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1872 | G. died            | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1873 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1874 | W. W. JONES        | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1875 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | W. resign  |
| 1876 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1878 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1880 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | D. McKENZ  |
| 1882 | ...                | M. died         | C. died                 | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1883 | ...                | A. B. WEBB      | ...                     | ...           | W. trans.            | ...        |
| 1886 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | KNIGHT-              | ...        |
| 1890 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | BRUCE                | M. died    |
| 1891 | ...                | ...             | (Natal)                 | ...           | K.B. trans.          | W.M.CART   |
| 1892 | A. GIBSON          | ...             | ...                     | ...           | HICKS                | ...        |
| 1893 | co-adjutor         | ...             | H. BAYNES               | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1896 | ...                | W. resigned     | ...                     | W. died       | ...                  | ...        |
| 1899 | ...                | CORNISH         | H.B. resigned           | HOLMES        | H. died              | ...        |
| 1901 | ...                | ...             | F. BAINES               | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1902 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | A.CHANDLER           | C. trans.  |
| 1903 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | H. died '04   | ...                  | VYVYAN     |
| 1905 | A.G. resigned      | ...             | ...                     | HOLBECH       | ...                  | ...        |
| 1907 | W. CAMERON         | ...             | ROACH<br>assistant      | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1908 | co-adjutor         | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1909 | W.M.CARTER         | PHELPS          | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1911 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | BALFOUR<br>assistant | ...        |
| 1912 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1917 | Cameron died       | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1919 | NASH<br>co-adjutor | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1920 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | ...                  | ...        |
| 1921 | ...                | ...             | ...                     | ...           | C. resigned          | ...        |

# PROVINCE OF SOUTH AFRICA

|     |                            |                 |                    |                |               |                        |
|-----|----------------------------|-----------------|--------------------|----------------|---------------|------------------------|
| ate |                            |                 |                    |                |               |                        |
| 47  | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 853 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 837 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 859 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 862 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 863 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 869 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 870 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 871 | <u>Kaffraria</u>           | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 872 | St. John's                 | ...             | ...                | ...            | <u>George</u> | ...                    |
| 873 | H. CALLAWAY                | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 874 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 875 | ...                        | <u>Pretoria</u> | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 876 | ...                        | BOUSFIELD       | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 878 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 880 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 882 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 883 | KEY                        | ...             | <u>Mashonaland</u> | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 886 | co-adjutor<br>KEY. C. res. | ...             | ...                | <u>Lebombo</u> | ...           | ...                    |
| 890 | C. died                    | ...             | KN. BRUCE          | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 891 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | <u>Kimberley &amp;</u> |
| 892 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | W. SMYTH       | ...           | <u>Kuruman</u>         |
| 893 | ...                        | ...             | K.B. res.          | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 896 | ...                        | ...             | W. GAUL            | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 899 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 901 | K. died                    | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 902 | J. WATKIN                  | B. died         | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 903 | WILLIAMS                   | W.M.CARTER      | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 905 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 907 | ...                        | ...             | G. resigned        | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 908 | ...                        | C. trans.       | POWELL             | ...            | ...           | ...                    |
| 909 | ...                        | M. FURSE        | P. resigned        | S. resigned    | ...           | ...                    |
| 911 | ...                        | ...             | BEAVEN             | L. FULLER      | B. SIDWELL    | ...                    |
| 912 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | W. GORE                |
| 917 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | BROWNE                 |
| 919 | ...                        | F. trans.       | ...                | F. resigned    | ...           | ...                    |
| 920 | ...                        | N. TALBOT       | ...                | FISHER         | ...           | ...                    |
| 921 | ...                        | ...             | ...                | ...            | ...           | ...                    |



## CHAPTER IV.

## KAFFRARIA.

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;  
"With bone well carved he went away.  
"Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,  
"And jasper tips the spear to-day.  
"Changed are the gods of hunt and dance  
"And he with these. Farewell, Romance!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;  
"By sleight of sword we may not win.  
"But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke  
"Of arquebus and culverin.  
"Honour is lost, and none may tell  
"Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

*Rudyard Kipling.*

In all stories of beginnings, the track of history is like a main highway beaten hard by facts, and crumbled dry-as-dust by controversies; but not far from this dusty road is the valley of romance—romance not meaning fable or legend, but heroism and adventure. We are now free to trace the windings of this valley; we shall turn from judges, lawyers, and organizations in rich cities, to pioneers tramping the veld and exploring the mountains, often without food or fuel or the smallest likelihood of seeing another day.

"A race of nobles may die out,  
A royal line may leave no heir;  
Wise Nature sets no guards about  
Her pewter plate, and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed  
Who starry diadems attain;  
To dungeon, axe and stake succeed  
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,  
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;  
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,  
Then she a saint or prophet sends.

I was the chosen trump, wherethrough  
Our God sent forth awakening breath.  
Came chains, came death? the strain He blew  
Sounds on, outliving chains and death.”\*

If instead of “dungeon, axe and stake” we write “desert, famine, assegai,” these words will paint very truly the life of those standard-bearers of the Cross who carried the Gospel to Kaffraria and Basutoland, to the Zulus, Mashonas and Bechuanas.

Kaffraria started first, and in its story four names stand out above the names of many “kingly” leaders—Merriman and Waters, Callaway and Bransby Key. Up till 1850, the English Church had been so fully occupied in Christianizing heathens *within* the Colony, that no mission to the tribes outside had been begun. Hottentots and “Cape boys” (i.e. half-Hottentots), freed slaves and their descendants, Malays and “coloured people” had been gathered in by hundreds; and meanwhile other bodies of Christians had gone far into the heathen lands beyond British rule. The London Missionary Society had attacked Bechuanaland; American missionaries had tried to work in what is now the Transvaal; French Protestant missions had obtained a

\*J. R. Lowell, “Kossuth”.

hold in Basutoland; the Glasgow Missionary Society had worked in Kaffraria since 1821; and in 1850, a friendly Wesleyan had said to Bishop Gray: "It is a disgrace and reproach to the Church of England that it has so long delayed to enter upon the work; a hundred more missionaries, at least, are required in this land."

Bishop Gray fully agreed. There was no lack of missionary spirit among his closest friends. To Archdeacon Merriman he wrote: "Do you know a fit man to head the mission to Kaffraria?"

Merriman replied: "I really do not; but I can say that I know a willing man; and what is of more consequence, a man willing with his whole house. Myself, my wife, Miss Short, Jetters White and Kaffir Wilhelm would all think ourselves honoured if we were sent on this mission together." Umhalla, the old chief to whom Sir Harry Smith had introduced Bishop Gray, asked again and again that Mr. Merriman might be sent to his people as teacher; but the archdeacon was so urgently needed for "white" work, that the Bishop could not consent to his leaving it for "black"; he did not, however, settle down into comfortable ordinary ways. "Few men have given their generation so inspiring an example. . . . . He was convinced that the foundations of missionary work in S. Africa must be laid in the hard bed of self-sacrifice, and he taught the lesson in his life. . . . . It is said that one of the younger clergy was once driving on his way to the Synod. He put up for the night at a Dutch farm, where he was received with the customary respect shown to the *predikant* (minister). In the evening he was told that a tramp, a countryman of his, was lodged in the stable. He went out after supper to say a kind word to the tramp, and to his surprise and confusion found his Archdeacon, smoking a pipe quite happily in his

humble quarters. No Dutch farmer would have recognized a Predikant, in the roughly-clad stranger travelling on foot.”\*

On foot, too, Archdeacon Merriman made his Visitation in 1850—a round of eight hundred miles, which brought him back to Grahamstown just as the eighth Kaffir War broke out. This war impoverished the whole Colony, and ruined the eastern half of it; nevertheless, the work of the Church went forward, and Bishop Armstrong came from England two years later, full of high resolve and zeal. He did his part nobly in the short time allotted to him, especially among the white folk of all creeds. Before his death, the mission to Kaffraria had come into being; four centres were manned by missionaries, and were named after the four Evangelists.

The start was made with the full sanction and warm help of the Governor, Sir George Grey. When ruling New Zealand, a few years before, Sir George had reclaimed the natives there—the warlike Maoris—by means of peace and education; he wished to do the same in S. Africa, and compelled the Home Government to support him. “The Church has now an opportunity of retrieving her character,” he wrote to Bishop Gray; “she will greatly embarrass my government, if she does not rise up to her duty.”

“The Church is completely put on her trial before the whole Colony,” said the clergy of Grahamstown diocese, and they tried their very hardest to raise money for the mission on their border. “Now is our time, or never,” wrote Bishop Gray to his helpers in England. “The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ought for the next few years to back up the bishop of Grahamstown more largely than any other bishop. The work will be done in ten years, by us or by others.”

\*From “A Shepherd of the Veld,” by Father G. Callaway.

In March, 1855, Dr. Armstrong visited Sandili and Kreli, two Xosa chiefs; at Sandili's, the mission called St. John's was founded. Soon after, Archdeacon Merriman visited Kreli, taking with him a man after his own heart, the Rev. Henry Waters; in August Mr. Waters took up his abode among the Galekas, with his wife and family, and the fourth station, St. Mark's, came into being. The work seemed hardly begun when Bishop Armstrong suddenly died at St. Luke's; but in spite of this loss, the missionaries persevered, and were beginning to make an impression on the fierce and haughty Xosas. Across the Kei river—that is, on the west or colonial side, an extension of the mission was being carried on among the Tambookies by Mr. Mullins, who began under Mr. Waters as a catechist, and ended his fifty years' service only a short time ago.

And then came “the Kaffir Delusion”! S. African readers do not need to be told what that was; and to English readers it could not be explained in a few lines. All that can be said here is that the Xosas of South Kaffirland, believing that the white men would be driven into the sea, left their fields unsown, destroyed their corn, and on a certain day slaughtered all their cattle. The day passed; the spirits of their forefathers did not come to help them; and they found themselves starving. Their stocks of food were soon finished; the colonists, who were their neighbours but not their rulers, did what they could to aid—but could not do much, for many of the starving people lived in remote parts among the mountains. The white traders left Kaffraria; but Mr. Waters only sent his sick wife and his children into safety—he himself stayed at St. Mark's, and was able “with private aid and Government bounty to relieve six thousand souls, who else had starved with thousands more.”

This was one of the first glimpses of native life for Dr. Cotterill, the new bishop of Grahamstown. "The scene around the Mission," he wrote, "was most painful. Hundreds were crowding round the house begging for food—men and women, offering their ornaments, assegais, guns, horses, all they had for a handful of corn." St. Mark's Reserve became a very city of refuge for the outcast and homeless of every class; for the chief, Kreli, was banished, and fled with some remnants of his followers to the Bomvanas, between Kaffraria and the coast.

And now what was St. Mark's mission to do? It had been established as a mission to the Galekas, and the Galekas were gone. But very soon the empty country began to fill again; Tembus, Fingos, Pondos who had been oppressed by the Xosas crept into the land where their conquerors had lived, and Mr. Waters at once began to work for them. They were by no means so haughty or difficult as the Xosas had been, and a large number of them settled on the lands Kreli had given to the mission, and lived according to the simple rules Mr. Waters laid down. Of course they were not admitted without due preparation into the Church, but they learned what its influence meant. As early as 1858, the year after the Great Delusion, Sir George Grey remarked that "by far the most decided movement in the direction of Christianity has taken place in Kaffraria."

In 1860 there were 800 natives living under the shadow of the mission, and over 300 had come forward for baptism; two years later there were half as many again, and Mr. Waters pointed out that "they have in some degree renounced their former evil life," especially in the matter of theft, and that "drunkenness is not known on the station."

Yet in spite of these good influences, it was not an easy thing for a native to become a Christian; many

girls, in particular, suffered great persecution—most unmerciful scourgings, and threats of death—for refusing to marry heathen husbands, or conform to heathen customs; but still the truth won its way among them, and in a few years the people had advanced so far in Christian ways that four of their converts were appointed deaconesses, who looked after the sick and the needy, taught and prayed with their countrymen, and saw that the children were sent to school.

Three years after the “great delusion,” St. Mark’s was ready to start a daughter mission; but first we must return to its sister, and follow the story of the mission at St. Matthew’s, Keiskama Hoek.

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## . CHAPTER V.

## INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS—KEISKAMA HOEK.

“Sweet Stay-at-home, sweet Well-content!”

W. R. Davies.

The story of the two sisters in the New Testament, Martha and Mary, is less of a story than a glimpse. For one moment they are shown to us—the one preparing her house, the other her heart, to receive the Master. But legends of the Middle Ages dwelt much upon these two, and the contrast between them; and turning Mary of Bethany into Mary Magdalene, told how she travelled as a missionary to the farthest ends of the earth—to Marseilles and up the Rhone, and even to Glastonbury in distant Britain.

The two missions were something like these sisters. St. Mark's was the daring missionary, opening up new lands, until a chain of “stations” stretched across from the Kei River to Natal. St. Matthew's, less romantic but not less convincing, devoted itself steadily to teaching, until it became one of the great training centres of the S. African Church; and especially for many years, it was an example of *industrial* training.

It began in romance, however. In Bishop Armstrong's lifetime it seemed to make no progress—perhaps the growth was underground—but in 1859 the Rev. H. Greenstock was sent to take the headship. He had been first of all at St. Luke's, in the territory of old Umhalla, and had done work “highly satisfactory to his chief.” Then he was sent to King William's Town for a time; and while he was there, a most unusual thing happened—an English priest was

murdered near East London, and three Kaffirs were convicted of the crime.

There has always been a mystery about this deed. The English missionaries were so well regarded by the natives in that district, that it is supposed the men had not recognised Mr. Willson as a clergyman. Before and after the trial, Mr. Greenstock ministered to them in prison, and after they had been condemned, they begged for baptism. The authorities were not quite sure the accused were guilty, but hoped they would confess and make the matter fully clear. After Mr. Greenstock had baptised them, "Now," said the judge, "they will tell us nothing more." Their lives were spared, but the missionary was blamed, as though he had prevented a full inquiry. So Mr. Greenstock was not in favour with the ruling classes when he undertook the charge of St. Matthew's; but he soon showed his worth there. In a very short time he had a number of lads learning to read, write, and work at manual trades. Mr. Taberer joined him, and (like Mr. Mullins at St. Mark's) gave more than fifty years to "black work" in Grahamstown diocese. When Bishop Cotterill succeeded Bishop Armstrong, he soon made the acquaintance of Keiskama Hoek, and praised the work very highly. In particular, he pointed out how far it was from being "a forcing-house for supposed converts."

"The number of natives resident on the station-grounds," he wrote, "is not large; they consist of a few Christian families, and some widows and others, who have found on the Mission a refuge from the persecution of their heathen friends. By far the greater number of the Christians are scattered over the district, and live in the midst of a large heathen population. . . . The most satisfactory part is the voluntary and unpaid agency of the native Christians. Five

natives—one on the station itself, the rest at different kraals in the district—are fellow-helpers of the missionary, under his direction. . . . Once in the month they all meet him. . . . In all cases of discipline or of special importance, they are consulted . . . their seriousness, good sense, and Christian feeling impressed me much. In this mission, more than any other with which I am acquainted, there are the elements of a self-supporting church. If the English should abandon the country next year, and the heathen chiefs should endeavour to exterminate Christianity from the land, I believe that the native church of St. Matthew's would be found as prepared for the trial as were many churches in the early days of Christianity."

"Black work," however, did not hinder "white work," when necessary. One of the great problems Sir George Grey had to solve, was the settling of the "German Legion" in the Eastern Province.

About 1860, four thousand men of German origin, who had been *hired out* to the British Government and had fought for years under the British flag, were shipped off by Lord Stanley to Africa; they were to occupy and cultivate lands from which the Kaffirs had "withdrawn." The Government promised to send wives for them; but it did not send nearly enough, and Sir George had to invite women emigrants from Hamburg at his own expense. On the whole, a large proportion did settle down as colonist-families and turned out well; they had no minister of religion, and Mr. Greenstock rose to the occasion here also—he invited them to St. Matthew's chapel, and gave them both services and sacraments through the aid of an interpreter.

In 1870 Mr. Taberer (who kept his jubilee in 1912) became head of the mission, and since then it has worked on steadily in the path marked out from the

first, as a Church Industrial College. Its methods have been changed and adapted, as the needs of the native Christians have changed; at first, manual arts were the great necessity, and the subjects chiefly taught were smithing and carpentry, waggon-building, gardening, printing; for girls, laundry, etc. Later on, in 1895, the Government asked the mission to open a "Normal College," where boy and girl students might obtain certificates and go out as teachers. The first four natives who were ordained deacons in S. Africa, received part of their training at St. Matthew's; one of them, Paulus Masiza, bore a large share in the evangelization of Kaffraria. In 1903 Canon Binyon became Warden; in 1917, the College kept its Jubilee. The work has branched out in all directions, until there are now twelve missions to natives in the district, five of these being entirely in the hands of native clergy. A great deal, too, has been done for the heathen districts in Kaffraria by Christian families who learnt the faith at Keiskama Hoek and carried it across the Kei, to new homes in the eastern parts.

In 1918, many of the students joined the S. African labour contingent in France, and so took their place in the Great War.

"I am proud of St. Matthew's," wrote one of these boys, "because she is well represented in the greatest struggle the world has ever seen. The people used to think low of the students of St. Matthew's, but today we have silenced them."

The story of this mission has been told at some length, not because it is the only Church Industrial Institution, but for the opposite reason--because it is a fair sample of one. The training of hand, head and heart together has resulted in forming thousands of real Christians--not mere "hymn-singing Kaffirs," but consistent church people.

## CHAPTER VI.

EVANGELIZING MISSIONS. CALLAWAY  
AND KEY.

“O’er Longleat’s oaks, o’er Cranbourn’s towers, the fiery herald  
flew;  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of  
Beaulieu.”

We have now briefly outlined the story of St. Matthew’s Mission, the home-keeping sister who minds the sacred fire; next, we return to St. Mark’s, the flame-bearer who passes on the torch to other hands, so that flares are kindled all the way across a wide heathen land, until the borders of the Church are reached again in Natal.

It was only four years after the Kaffir Delusion that the hive of St. Mark’s threw off its first daughter-swarm—Mr. John Gordon started the mission of All Saints at Engcobo, about fifty miles further into Kaffraria. It soon increased, and in 1864 sent out a fresh mission, St. Augustine’s, under the care of two young laymen, Mr. Dodd and Mr. Key.

Bransby Key was a younger brother of the famous admiral who captured Commissioner Yeh in the Chinese war of “the lorcha *Arrow*.” He was the seventh child in a large family; his father died when he was eleven, and so, after school-days, he could not go to the University, but had to enter Armstrong’s engineering works at Newcastle. While at “the shops” he felt in his heart the call to mission work abroad; and at twenty-four he went to the College at Canterbury which occupies the very place where

Augustine settled, in King Ethelbert's days. When he and Mr. Dodd left St. Augustine's, they worked first as lay-helpers under Mr. Gordon; then they were ordained at Grahamstown, and sent out to found a new mission, another fifty miles to the north-east, near where the river Inxu flows into the Tsitsa.

A tribe of Pondos had taken refuge in this neighbourhood from the Tembus; "the gourd was split," said the Pondos; that is, the tribe was living on the two sides of the river, and each half had its own chief. Mditshwa, on the nearer side, allowed Mr. Key some land for a mission, and the two young priests settled down to their work. In three years they had only one baptism; but they thoroughly studied their people, and the foundations of trust in the missionary were being laid. These first three years were so unfortunate for the tribe—war and famine driving many away—that it seems wonderful they did not blame the white men for their bad luck. On the contrary, Mr. Key was the means of keeping the tribe together, and was able to save the lives of numbers of sick and wounded. In the fourth year, the tide began to turn. Mr. Dodd took charge of yet another off-shoot, St. Alban's, in Tembuland; while Mr. Key, remaining at St. Augustine's, married the lovely daughter of Archdeacon Waters—his first vicar, and "the father of missions in Kaffraria."

Georgina Key's life is a romance in itself; but for this book we must leave out what is personal, and only choose a few incidents which bear upon the story of the mission work.

The first was recorded by Mrs. Orpen, wife of the first Resident Magistrate to administer Kaffraria after it had become "British Kaffraria." "Shortly before our arrival in 1874, Mr. Key rescued a man from a neighbouring village, whose screams of agony

could be heard at the house. He ran up with only one man to help him, and was fortunate enough to find that the executioners were away in the forest, to fetch a poisonous kind of ant whose bite causes intense pain; and in spite of the remonstrances of the women, he soon had the poor victim cut loose. His fingers and toes had been so tightly pegged out that the blood was oozing from under the nails, and the man fainted as soon as he was released. Mr. Key and the servant carried him down to the mission house, where they hid him, and presently a troop of furious natives came down, threatening to burn the house if he were not given up. Mr. Key walked boldly out and dared them to do so or kill him, promising them the severe vengeance of the Great White Queen of England. After a while they slunk away, but their victim had to be carefully guarded . . . . . Four days later, his wife came in the night from the forest where she had been hiding, with her baby on her back. She was in a starving condition, and Mrs. Key took her in and restored her. She, too, did not dare to show herself out of doors. One day, as Mrs. Key was in the kitchen, some old women came in, and one of them walked up to the girl and pretended to admire the baby on her back, but quickly whipped out a string, and slipping it round the child's neck was proceeding to strangle it, when Mrs. Key caught her arm, saying: 'How dare you come into my house and commit a murder before my eyes!' Herewith she pushed her out by the door, and forbade her ever to show her face at the house again."

The next is told by Father G. Callaway, in his book: "A Shepherd of the Veld."

"Once, when Mr. Key and her brother Harry were away, and she quite alone, an uncle of the Chief

Mhlontlo fled from his own nephew and sought refuge at the mission. Mrs. Key boldly hid him under the sitting-room floor, and when his pursuers arrived, she refused to give him up. The Chief brought his army . . . within sight of St. Augustine's, and threatened to attack the mission, but Mrs. Key was still undaunted, and continued to keep the prisoner. Mr. Key and his brother-in-law heard of this on their return journey, and pushed on with all speed to St. Augustine's, where they found the refugee, his six wives, about twenty children, and all his cattle." Mrs. Key's brother next day escorted the fugitives to All Saints, where they were in safety.

"U-Key was a great preacher," wrote one of the catechists he trained. "He preached with his life. Ah! this man of God knew well that he was not to look at the time of his watch when he went among these heathen people. He knew well that time was not known by them and its preciousness."

Meanwhile, wonderful things were happening on the northern border of Kaffraria, near Natal.

In 1858, a tract of land up the Umkomaas river had been made into a mission station called Springvale; a new station, Highflats, had grown up near it in 1863, and in '70 a mission was planted in Griqualand East (between Basutoland, Kaffraria, and Natal) at the request of Adam Kok, the Kaptijn or Chief of the Griquas.

And who was the apostle of these southern Zulus and Griquas? It was Henry Callaway, consecrated in 1873 first bishop of Kaffraria. He was the son of an exciseman near Southampton, who had a large family and a very small income. At sixteen, Henry was already teaching in a Devonshire school; four years later, he turned chemist's assistant, and at twenty-four became a medical student at

"Bart's"; and so remarkable was his ability, that three years later he began to practise as a surgeon in London. He married and had two children, but lost both of them early. While still a lad of eighteen, he had left the Church and joined the Quakers; his wife, too, was a "Friend," and he earnestly desired to be a minister in that community; but the means were wanting, and he worked on at his profession until in 1851 his lungs gave way. Through all these Quaker years he had been uneasy and troubled about religion; he was now ordered to the South of France, recovered, and renewed his hopes of being ordained. But should it be as a Friend? That began to seem impossible to his conscience; and after long thought and prayer and study, he returned to the Church of his baptism.

Much had happened in the English Church since he had left it twenty years before; two great movements had taken place.

Keble, Newman and Pusey had taught the Church to be faithful and unworldly—and Gray was their disciple. Maurice and his follower, Kingsley, were proclaiming that God is revealed specially as "Father," and that a Father cannot punish savagely. Colenso was Maurice's friend, and almost his disciple. When Dr. Callaway heard that Colenso was to be Bishop in Natal, he offered to serve as a missionary under him, and in 1854 was made Deacon.

A fortnight later, he and his wife sailed for Durban. At first he was stationed at Maritzburg, doing white work with a native district added: "For three years I was working in a strait-jacket," he wrote of it later. He studied Zulu ten hours a day, and doctored his neighbours gratis in any time he could spare from his ministerial work. Next year he was ordained and his wife baptised; at last in '58 he was

able to gain the desire of his heart, and begin work among the untended heathen.

Dr. Callaway took up 3,000 acres of land like any other colonist, built a house, and settled down with his wife and their adopted daughter; their household included, besides, a lady missionary from Maritzburg, a farm teacher, and fourteen natives. Springvale, as they called the settlement, soon became a thriving village. Many native families came to live under the missionary's wing; he cured them when sick, taught some to read and others to handle tools; his word came to be law in business matters, and was respected by the neighbouring chiefs; he even cheered his people when they were terrified by a comet! The Lieutenant-Governor was so much pleased with the improvement in the district, that he allowed £200 a year for training the natives in farm work and handicrafts. Conversions were very slow at first, but foundations were being laid. Callaway's great desire was to put the Prayer-book and Bible into the hands of his Christians; not spoon-feeding, but self-nourishment, was his ideal for them. It was for this end that he studied their speech so deeply, and beneath the speech their thoughts and ideas, ancient beliefs and traditions. As he added to his notes of these matters, they grew into a book, and the book needed printing; so a press was added to the stock-in-trade of the mission, and a skilled printer to the "family." Two natives who showed a special gift for languages were the doctor's daily assistants in the translation work, and in the end both entered the ministry; but Callaway was carefully on his guard against a danger known among early mission experiments—that of fencing in the converts too strictly from heathenism, and so making "a hot-bed for professing Christians."

Several noted missionaries were his devoted pupils; Thurston Button, archdeacon of Kokstad, whose sister was the Callaways' adopted daughter; Mr. Oxland, her husband, who was at first missionary to the Pondos at Port St. John's—then British Resident—then missionary priest again; William Mouat Cameron, afterwards co-adjutor bishop of Cape Town; and Mr. Cree, who with his wife founded the Augusta School at Umtata, now the College of St. Bede.

And then, on the top of this life-long work for Zulus, came a call to found a mission amongst the Griquas.

Who were the Griquas? A curious mixed people, Dutch-speaking, descended from Dutch fathers and Hottentot mothers. They had been settled around the place where Kimberley now stands, but the white men came pouring in to take up farms, and they trekked eastwards—across the Basuto mountains until they reached the north-west corner of Kaffraria. There they stopped, as though exhausted, and made the country into Griqualand East. Adam Kok, their leader, always claimed the rights and position of a white man; he asked Dr. Callaway to come and restore his people to Christianity; the Springvale missionaries made a "holiday trek" to Clydesdale, which developed into a "revival of religion" for the Griqua Christians; "Kaptijn" Kok then dallied and tried to draw back, but his people were too much in earnest, and he had to give his consent. Mr. Thurston Button was set over the work, and within six years Clydesdale was second only to St. Mark's, in the whole of Kaffraria.

The chain of beacon-lights had now spread completely across the heathen country.

“Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each  
southern shire,  
“Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling  
points of fire.”

Kaffraria was still heathen, but in every considerable place there was a Christian congregation. The promise to old Umhalla had been fulfilled; and now the country needed a Bishop of its own.

Dr. Cotterill, when he left Grahamstown to become Bishop of Edinburgh, had called upon the church in Scotland to endow a diocese in S. Africa, and the Scottish Episcopalians willingly responded. In the year before Bishop Gray's death, the new missionary diocese of St. John's Kaffraria was planned out, between Grahamstown and Natal; it was to extend from the Kei river on the south, to the Natal border; everyone agreed that there was only one possible man for the first bishop, and that man was Callaway.

But he had to leave the most dearly-loved part of his work behind; Springvale could not be cut off from the diocese of Natal. Nevertheless, duty was plain; Springvale was handed over to the Rev. T. Jenkinson, a new arrival from England; Dr. and Mrs. Callaway sailed for “home,” which they had not seen for twenty years; and on All Saints' Day, 1873, he was consecrated in Edinburgh.

Callaway's life was extraordinarily fruitful in results, but his periods of active work were not, compared with others, long ones. He was nearly twenty years a missionary, and then was thirteen years a bishop; but only eight of those latter years allowed of active work; strength and health gradually failed him; paralysis threatened; and after a co-adjutor was given to him, weakness obliged him to give up one part of his work after another, until in '86 he resigned, and went to end his days in England. The

keen sight which had so well served the surgeon and the translator, had given way; the power of speech which had thrilled audiences and untied purse-strings, failed him; and in 1890 he peacefully died.

But before 1883 he had accomplished much important work. First, to endow the mission at Spring Vale, he made over to it the greater part of his own property; he started the Pondo mission at Port St. John's, and placed it under the care of his "son-in-law," Mr. Oxland; then he founded the town of Umtata, the centre of the new diocese; he started church work at Kokstad, the chief town of Griqualand East, and in '77 he had to fortify Umtata cathedral against the Galekas in the ninth Kaffir war. This war lasted thirteen months, and put back the work (so said the bishop) fourteen or fifteen years. Again in 1880 the Pondos rebelled, and once more Europeans and native Christians took shelter in Umtata.

Bishop Callaway's health failed more and more, and at last he asked the Synod of the diocese to give him a co-adjutor. As in his own case, there was one man who could not possibly be passed over—that man was Bransby Key; and in 1883 the little iron cathedral at Umtata witnessed his consecration.

He, too, had not a long time before him. At the end of eighteen years (1901) he died as the result of an accident, and St. John's diocese was again plunged into the deepest grief. To fill his place, Archbishop Jones of Cape Town gave his chaplain and most trusted friend, the Rev. Joseph Watkin Williams, who has ruled the diocese ever since, through the troubles of the Boer War and the anxieties of the great world-war.

One of the missions founded by Bishop Key stands out more prominently than others in the public eye—that of St. Cuthbert's, Tsolo, which was carried on

for several years by Fathers of the Society of St. Cuthbert. In time, this community was merged in that of the Cowley Fathers, who now work at Tsolo. In 1905, Bishop Williams asked the Wantage Community to send some Sisters for women's work at this mission; and a first-class industrial school, with a special department for rug-weaving, has been among the results. St. John's has 37 white and 30 native priests, as well as a large number of catechists and "readers". All native candidates are trained at St. Bede's College, Umtata, founded by Father Kettle (see Chap. XIV.) and long carried on by the Rev G. E. Mason.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## BLOEMFONTEIN.

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,  
As we bear blossom of the dead;  
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed  
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

*Tennyson.*

While the foundations of a church were being laid for the Bantu races, the work for white Colonists was going steadily forward; but it was up-hill and sometimes thankless work.

In 1859 St. Helena at last received a Bishop, Dr. Piers Claughton; in '63 the first bishop was appointed for a diocese which does not touch the sea at any point—the Orange Free State. It was twenty-seven years since the Great Trek had begun—the emigration of Boer families northward, to avoid British rule. It was fifteen years since Sir Harry Smith had proclaimed Queen Victoria's sovereignty over the country, after the battle of Boomplaats, and in these years many English families had found their way in, some as farmers and some as traders. Bloemfontein was said to be nearly all English in 1850; Smithfield, Harrismith and Fauresmith, too, had English settlers. Many attempts were made to establish church work, not only by the indefatigable Dr. Gray, but also by Bishop Cotterill and Archdeacon Merriman, of Grahamstown; but the extremely unsettled state of the Government—the repeated annexing and disowning of the country by Great Britain—increased the Church's difficulties in every way.

Dr. Edward Twells, brother of the hymn writer, was Bishop from '63 to '69; when he resigned, the church-people with one voice begged Archdeacon Merriman to be their Bishop; but as he would not leave his noble work in Grahamstown diocese, Bishop Gray chose the Rev. Allan Beecher Webb.

Mr. Webb was only thirty-one, but had already been vice-principal of the Theological College at Cuddesdon, and was high in the confidence of Samuel Wilberforce, the great Bishop of Oxford. He was consecrated at Inverness, and came out to begin the thirty years in South Africa which made him one of the best loved and revered of all the bishops of the young Province. In 1883 he was "translated" to Grahamstown, and Bloemfontein waited nearly three years for a new shepherd; then came Dr. Knight-Bruce from Bethnal Green in the East of London. His six years in Bloemfontein were filled with journeys, re-organizing, and mapping out of new work; but he longed for "untouched heathen" in countries beyond civilization, and in '91 was made first Bishop of Mashonaland. After another interval he was followed at Bloemfontein by Bishop Hicks—doctor, scholar and missionary, whose magnificent work was ended by his sudden death—he fell ill and died while on a visit to Maseru in Basutoland, just at the outbreak of the Boer War. During the war, Bishop Webb, who had resigned Grahamstown, again took temporary charge of his first diocese; after the peace of Vereeniging, the Rev. Arthur Chandler came from his ten years at Poplar in "the East-end," and was consecrated at Cape Town; in 1911 Canon Balfour, thirty years a helper in the diocese, was made Assistant Bishop.

In '78 the Transvaal was cut off, and became the diocese of Pretoria; in 1911 Bechuanaland became

part of the see called "Kimberley and Kuruman"; but Basutoland still remains part of the Bloemfontein diocese.

These are the dry bones or scaffolding of a work which has gone on for over sixty years. At first there were three or four centres where church-people gathered for worship; now there are, in the Bloemfontein diocese, 45 priests of English and 6 of native race, 36 principal centres with many out-stations, and numbers of distant farms which have regular monthly or quarterly services.

The chief difficulty has been the very scattered nature of the British population—a small minority among the Dutch, and the white races altogether outnumbered by the black; wars and changes of rule have hindered church work again and again, and a difficulty little less serious has been caused by the discovery of diamonds, which has brought about great movements of population and revolutionised part of the country.

The Dutch "Voor-trekkers" were independent until 1848; then they came under the British flag; in '54 the Boer Republic was formed; in '65 it engaged in war with the Basutos and annexed "the Conquered Territory"; then came the dispute about Kimberley and the diamond diggings in '72; in '89 the war in which "Majuba Hill" occurred; and in '99 the final struggle which ended in victory for the British and resulted in the self-government of South Africa in 1906.

It would be impossible to find room for a tenth of the activities which blossomed out and developed during Bishop Webb's thirteen years at Bloemfontein; but a few lines must be written of the work done by the St. Michael's Sisters. Bishop Gray had always desired to see a Sisterhood at work in South

Africa, and brought some ladies to Cape Town who eventually joined the order of All Saints. Bishop Webb desired it just as much for his own diocese; and when his trusted friend, the Rev. D. Croghan, went to England on furlough, he begged him to find, if possible, a community who would be willing to work in Bloemfontein. At Oxford, Felicia Skene had begun her admirable work for penitents; and her vicar, the Rev. T. Chamberlain, helped Archdeacon Croghan to attain his object. Sister Emma and several other ladies returned with him, and began work in the cathedral city; in 1874, the year when Archbishop West Jones came to Cape Town, the Community of St. Michael's and All Angels was founded.

The present High School for Girls is the result of the Sisters' activity, as well as the Industrial School for native girls, at Hlotse, Basutoland, and St. Faith's Orphanage for little girls under fourteen. In the Zulu War, the Basuto War of 1880, and the Transvaal War of 1889, they had the charge of military hospitals; for years they managed a Girls' High School at Kimberley, and they work now in the Cathedral parish there, as well as at Beaconsfield; and the influence of the community—both the corporate influence of church training, and the impress of individual character, may be traced in numberless families and homes far beyond the borders of the Free State.

The English Church in South Africa owes a great deal to the work of women's communities; but it has also a peculiarly deep debt to the wives of its clergy. By far the greater number of those who attained eminence as priests and bishops were aided by singularly noble and lovable wives; but the names of these, as of so many fame-deserving workers, must be

passed over for lack of space; while of the workers who failed—and some did fail utterly—it can only be said that the tares they sowed in the field seem to have been hidden and outgrown by the wheat.

Before Bishop Webb came to Bloemfontein, the Brotherhood of St. Augustine had been founded by Canon Beckett of Cumbræ. The brothers lived in hardship and simplicity, laboured at building, planting, farming, and gave their help as missionaries where it was called for, often in particularly toilsome and arduous tasks. A son of the sainted Isaac Williams, Keble's friend, was among the first seven brothers; Father Douglas, brother-in-law of Bishop Walsham How, had special and extraordinary gifts for white work; Father Carmichael for "black." Mr. Crisp, archdeacon and translator, and Canon Bevan (see Chapter XV), worked under the community for several years.

The Brotherhood, after thirty years at Modderpoort, dissolved, and was followed by another; but its work goes on. Father Carmichael still directs the mission at Mohalis Hoek in Basutoland, and Canon Shaw the work among non-mining natives in Johannesburg; while the original buildings at Modderpoort are now occupied by a younger community, the "Kelham Fathers," or Society of the Sacred Mission, who are an immense power for good, especially among the native races in the eastern part of the Orange Free State.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## BASUTOLAND.

We sow 'mid perils here, and tears.

'Mid foes, meek stranger, hold thee on

A little while; on either hand

They shall be gone, and thou shalt stand.

*Isaac Williams.*

Basutoland has had a history quite unlike the rest of S. Africa. About a hundred years ago, it was in the greatest danger of being squeezed out and conquered by the terrible Zulu King, Tshaka, whose conquests had such extraordinary results in all the lands south of the Zambesi. The Basutos were so desperate from starvation that they took to feeding on human flesh; but a wise young upstart chief arose, named Moshesh, and contrived to save the remnants of tribes lurking in the mountain deserts of "South African Switzerland." Moshesh ruled long and in the main well; he made friends with the British, and with various bands of teachers who found their way into his country. A Parisian Protestant Mission under the great Casalis (a kind of French Moffatt if not a French Livingstone), entered Basutoland as early as 1833; French Roman Catholics followed about twenty years later, and English Wesleyans came to work near; in '74 the English Church was able to cross the border.

"But don't you overlap terribly?" said a stranger once to a mission worker in South London—who replied "If we could only reach each other's borders, then the danger of overlapping might begin."

It has been the same in S. Africa; the stretches of heathen lands are so vast, that outposts belonging to different Christian bodies are seldom in danger of interfering with each other; but besides this natural safeguard, the English Church has been particularly careful not to plant where others had sown the seed. Not once nor twice, her priests have met the missionaries of other bodies and arranged fields of pioneer work, "delimiting frontiers" as friendly nations do; in some cases missions have grown so fast as to outstep the bounds laid down; but very seldom has there been any danger from competition. More often the workers have strengthened each other's hands; and the Basuto chief Molapo showed shrewd insight when he said "Ma-Franse, Ma-Churche and Ma-Roma are three milch cows, which supply us in their own way out of the Word of God."

The first white race that the Basutos encountered was the Dutch, and they were soon at loggerheads; then they made friends with the British, and courted the protection of the "Great White Mother." At first this was refused, in '68 it was granted, in '71 the country was handed over to Cape Colony; in '84 Crown Colony government was resumed, and since then it has remained directly under British rule.

It is always difficult to read the motives of nations when forming an alliance—to see whether they most desire the friendship of their ally, or its help against some enemy. This is a thousand times more difficult in the case of savages, with their ever-puzzling blend of cunning and simplicity; and so there will always be two opinions about Moshesh and his Basutos—those who lost cattle from his raids will hold that he was a deceiver, feigning loyalty to Britain while enriching himself at their expense; and those on the other hand who viewed the matter more calmly, dis-

cerning the merits of the Basutos and the provocation given by land-grabbing colonists. In any case, the Basutos had by their own efforts cast off some of the worst traits of savagery, especially cannibalism. Missionaries were well received, and their work went on hopefully until the outbreak of the "Gun War."

The story of the mission at Hlotse Heights has been told by Canon Widdicombe in his delightful book "In the Lesuto." Hlotse is high up in the mountains, above the Caledon river, a tributary of the Orange. Ficksburg, in the Free State, is not far distant. Mr. Widdicombe had worked five years in Bloemfontein diocese, and his future wife was at work there still, when he began the mission at Hlotse in '76, with a young Londoner, Mr. Lacy, who was hoping to be ordained. The two missionaries lived on the open veld, sleeping under the stars in the severe winter of those Alpine heights, and after three months they built themselves, not a house, but a couple of rondavels (round huts). These, with afterwards two or three others, were their home for nine years, while every penny was saved, to build chapel and school. The converts and hearers seemed so promising, that Mr. Widdicombe was on the point of starting a college to train a native ministry when the war of 1880 broke out, and threw all into confusion.

This was "The Gun War." In '71 the British Government had handed over Basutoland to the Government of the Cape Colony. The Colony decided to disarm every native population under its rule, and sent orders to the Basutos that all weapons—guns and even assegais—were to be given up—for compensation paid. The people refused; and the mission-

Mr. Lacy, a young man of great promise, was, sad to say, soon after this accidentally drowned in the river Caledon.

aries of every nationality were placed in a difficult position—for nearly all of them considered that the law was unjust. But the English missionaries were in the hardest position of any—obliged to advise obedience to the Colonial Government, while knowing that that Government was more Boer than British, and feeling that the Boer party was **not** just to the Basutos.

The ma-Churche, however, did counsel obedience to the law, and suffered for their loyalty. The native Christians lost everything, and in many cases were slain in battle; the missionaries just escaped with their lives. After those at Hlotse had suffered almost the last extremity of danger, famine and disease from overcrowding, the Kimberley Horse came to their rescue and became a fresh responsibility to the clergy—for these fine fellows were hard drinkers, and as weak in self-control as they were mighty in warfare. Some years after the war had ended, Basutoland was once more put under English, not Colonial, control, and the chiefs with few exceptions remained loyal to Queen Victoria. Mission work developed steadily; nowhere has Christian influence been stronger; in spite of serious and repeated drawbacks, the Church has steadily won her way.

Another glimpse of progress in this mountain land is given by Deaconess Maria Burton, between the time of Majuba Hill and the Boer War. In '93 the deaconess left Bloemfontein, to start women's work under the Rev. S. Weigall, in the little township of Maseru. She began a native school and taught the girls laundry work, sewing, etc. She raised a great deal of interest in her Christians by the tours she made to beg for support, and when (after eight years) obliged to lay down her work, wrote a lively little book about it. Her "thumb-nail sketches" of natives, Christian or unconverted, are admirable, and

she gives here and there a touch to the portraits of men who have risen high in the Imperial service—Sir Marshall Clarke, Sir Godfrey Lagden (the natives called him “Father of Belts” because he went about in a Norfolk jacket), Sir Herbert Sloley; but her book “Happy Days in Basutoland” is easy to procure, and it is best not to pull the plums out of it, but leave the reader to devour it whole.

Perhaps the most convincing picture of mission work among the Basutos may be given by the following short note of the lives of four converts, told at first-hand by the Rev. W. Smart, sometime priest in charge of Sekubu.

The Mont-aux-Sources is a sort of key-stone of the mountain ranges which descend from it into the Free State, Basutoland, and Natal. In one of these spurs stands the village of Sekubu, where several years before the gun war, Mr. Balfour had founded a mission. Here he built the little stone church of the Epiphany, and here a witch doctor, Mosula, brought one of his sons to him and said “I give you this boy.” Mr. Balfour found himself obliged to keep the little boy and found, too, that he was a ready learner and a strong character. Michael Mosula grew up to be one of the most steadfast Christians, and the father of children as steadfast as himself. He joined the native police force, which did good service during the Boer War in keeping Basutoland quiet and loyal and repressing Joel Molapo, the one chief who openly took sides against the British.

It was during the Boer War that Joel, who had already forty wives, cast his eye on Nene, a young sister of Michael's, who was nurse-maid in the English missionary's family at Sekubu. The poor girl had gone on an errand, and came back in hot haste, saying that Joel's men were out to fetch her. “I will not go to

him," said Nene, "I want to be a Christian." At Butha Buthe, where her brother was, she would be safe, so her master said to her, "Tuck up your blanket short, so as to look like a boy, and take off your shawl; go by the mountain, then no one will meet you; I will see you safe to Butha Buthe." He then mounted his horse and rode by the highway keeping his eye on Nene in the mountain path above him, until she reached safety.

The police headquarters were on the border of two territories--Joel's the disloyal and Jonathan's, the loyal chief. Nene went to Hlotse in Jonathan's land, worked there until the war was over, and was baptised. After the war, Joel was sent to prison for two years, and she arrived beaming at Sekubu; but as soon as he was released, flew back to Hlotse and stayed there until her sweetheart, the missionary's cook-boy, was able to marry her. In 1919 she was living happily in the district with a large family.

Another village story was more dramatic but less happy. Paulina, a nurse-girl in the same family, stayed on at Sekubu when a new priest came, and was also unlucky enough to catch the attention of the Chief Joel. This time the old miscreant succeeded in taking her, though she was already a Christian--her father was a languid time-serving Christian and let her go. But the new missionary was no more willing to yield than his predecessor; he wrote to the highest authorities in S. Africa, and that failing, to the highest authorities in England, and in the end Paulina was given back to her family.

One of Michael Mosula's sons, Samuel, spent his childhood, like his name saint, near the altar. A thoroughly good, manly boy, he also loved religion and longed to be ordained. He went to school at Hlotse, then to College at Masite, and for his final

training to Keiskama Hoek. He was ordained in 1917, and gave promise of being as useful to the Church as Paulus Masiza in St. John's diocese, or Gabriel David in Bloemfontein. Then came the epidemic of 1918, and Samuel Mosula gave his life in nursing the victims at his station. He died at Ngidiloe, in the Transkei, one of the first fruits of the Basuto race.

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## CHAPTER IX.

## ZULULAND.

Burned from the ore's rejected dross  
The iron whitens in the heat,  
With plangent strokes of pain and loss  
The hammers on the iron beat,  
Scorched by the fire, through death and dole  
We feel the iron in our Soul.

O dreadful Forge!—if torn and bruised  
The heart, more urgent comes our cry  
Not to be spared but to be used,  
Brain, sinew, spirit, ere we die.  
Beat out the iron, edge it keen,  
And shape us to the end we mean.

*Laurence Binyon.*

“There is a sacred spot on the Shire River which forms a kind of pilgrims' shrine for the travellers through these unhealthy regions. Upon it stands the cross which marks the saintly Mackenzie's resting place, and this is where we may hope that the workers from our Province may join hands with our brethren of the Universities Mission. May our Church's zeal never wax cold till the Missions from the south meet those from the north, at Mackenzie's grave, and the banner of the Cross waves from every native village in the vast regions of southern Central Africa.”

These words were spoken by Archbishop Jones, of Cape Town, at the third Lambeth Conference in London, and show how deeply the Church in S. Africa felt its unity with the young and growing church in the east of the continent.

But Mackenzie's death was not without results for the province in which he had first laboured as Archdeacon of Natal. It is true that after his death, the Universities Mission removed its headquarters 300 miles northwards, to Zanzibar; but his sisters and others of his friends thought this a desertion of S. Africa, and were so grieved that they devoted their efforts to endowing a Bishopric for Zululand, hoping that the Zulu missions would work northwards till they reached the country originally aimed at.

Zululand will always recall to English people the heroic defeat of Isandhlwana and the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift; and when we come to study the victories of the Cross in this country, we see that they are most unmistakable in the part of Zululand where those memorable battlefields are found. A campaign of evangelization for Zululand was planned very early—in the bright morning of Colenso's days, before he had parted company with Maurice and Callaway and Gray; he even suggested leaving Natal and going north himself as a missionary bishop; but he decided instead to send the Rev. R. Robertson, and by the help of S.P.G. a mission at Kwa Magwaza in the south-east was begun. A year later the Rev. Sibert Samuelson joined Mr. Robertson and began a ministry which lasted over fifty years. The state of the country did not seem at first unhopeful. Tshaka and Dingaan were long dead. Panda, Tshaka's successor, was neither so mighty nor so hostile as he. Panda's heir was a student at Ekukanyeni near Colenso's home, and even Cetewayo, who was bidding for power and beginning to overawe his father, did not oppose missionary efforts.

But as the old Chief said, "We Zulus are like a pushing bull, we are always killing one another." Bloodshed among the Zulus never ceased; as years

went on they learned under Cetewayo to measure their strength against the strength of the white man, and to see how they could profit by his weakness and his generosity; at one time in '69, it seemed as though missionary advance in Zululand were doomed.

In 1870 things looked brighter; Dr. T. E. Wilkin-son was consecrated first Bishop, and Cetewayo gave signs of friendliness. But after Panda's death Cetewayo felt secure on the throne, and told Mr. Shepstone (representing the Natal Government) that "a Christian Zulu was a Zulu spoiled." Mr. Shepstone felt the signs were so threatening that he did not dare to make arrangements in favour of native converts; all he could do was to exact a promise that missionaries already at work should be left alone.

Mr. Robertson at Kwa Magwaza and his neighbour, Mr. Samuelson at St. Paul's, just held on to what they had begun, although their converts were actively persecuted; on one occasion Mr. Samuelson fought with thirty natives to try to save the life of a "witch", but unsuccessfully; another time a staunch convert of his named Umfezi fled to him, and he hid the man between the roof of his house and the calico which formed the ceiling; but new work could not be undertaken. Swaziland, even more heathen and more savage than Zululand, was hardly touched; still, in '71 Bishop Wilkinson placed the Rev. Joel Jackson on the Transvaal border, and he began a faithful persevering ministry to the Swazis, which lasted twenty years amid the greatest discouragements and led up to Canon Mercer's splendid work of more recent years.

Bishop Wilkinson was a noble man and a splendid organiser, but he lacked the missionary gift of languages; in '75 he resigned; on his way to Europe he had a long consultation with Archbishop Jones, and

they together mapped out the campaign up to the Zambesi border; then he went home to spend toilsome years in collecting funds for a more northerly bishopric—the diocese which, when founded, was called Lebombo.

It was hard to find a new bishop for Zululand; there was none when the great Zulu War broke out. All mission buildings were destroyed, and some converts of the Norwegians were put to death, all missionaries had to leave the country—Mr. Samuelson was among the last to go. Mr. Smith, a clergyman in Natal, came as Chaplain with the British forces, and shared in the defence of Rorke's Drift.

It is near that place of tragic memories that the most successful Zulu missions have arisen. A memorial church was built close to the battlefield of Isandhlwana and two Stations founded without delay—St. Vincent's, where the new bishop, Dr. Douglas McKenzie, made his headquarters; and St. Augustine's, Rorke's Drift.

This is where Archdeacon and Mrs. Johnson have laboured nearly forty years with wonderful results. The district was granted to a Basuto Chief from Natal named Hlubi, who had been conspicuous for loyalty; he brought with him Mr. Charles Johnson, lately in the Civil Service, as teacher to his tribe. The English Church in Zululand was poor. Very soon a party of Wesleyans visited Hlubi and offered to endow a mission of their own.

"Why should two ploughs plough the same field," asked the Chief, "when there is much waste land with no plough on it? If you can work with the Bishop, it is well, if not, pass on: I have spoken."

Mr. Johnson was soon ordained, and two years later four of Hlubi's children were baptized; then one of his wives received baptism and watched over her

husband's Christian subjects. The Chief himself could not make up his mind to give up polygamy, so though he was a true friend to the Church, it was only on his death-bed that he could be baptized. The Christians at St. Augustine's learnt to support their own native teachers, to build schools, and to do a large share towards the great church which was begun in '98. The present St. Augustine's is "a fine massive rugged building with great columns, which will hold 2,000 people."\* Besides these lower duties, natives have volunteered for mission work in the fever country of Tongaland, and among their own people in the mines of Johannesburg; they remained steadfast when in '99 Mr. Johnson went away to England for a furlough, and he, while there, turned his "leave" to account, by caring for natives engaged to show off an "African Village" at a great exhibition in London.

He came back to find the Boer War just begun, and his wife and children calmly remaining in the threatened territory keeping the natives quiet. The war brought distress rather than actual danger—especially famine among the natives; but as soon as it was over mission work again increased. In 1904 Mr. Johnson was made Archdeacon of Vryheid; but he did not leave Rorke's Drift. In the last seventeen years, his record has still been one of progress—not uninterrupted, but steady. These are a few examples of it: four natives ordained at one time; three native priests and three deacons helping him at St. Augustine's; twenty outstations with churches; eighteen with mission chapels; baptisms counted by hundreds, and yet no easy admission of candidates into the fold; a "hearer" is on probation eighteen months, and a catechumen a further eighteen months before he can ask for baptism.

\*Archbishop Jones.

His story breaks off, as it began, in sacrifice and struggle; for his son, who was at a theological college, volunteered for the Great War, and was severely wounded, but returned nevertheless, to his interrupted training for the priesthood.

The second Bishop of Zululand, Douglas McKenzie, was a nephew of Archdeacon Merriman, and, like Bishop Charles Mackenzie, a mathematician from Cambridge. He had come out to S. Africa early, had been Vice-Principal of St. Andrews, Grahamstown, and then Head of St. Andrew's School, Bloemfontein. Here he and Mrs. McKenzie remained for six years, winning love and esteem from everybody. He helped the Bishop greatly by becoming Chancellor of the Cathedral, and later on Archdeacon of Harrismith. He was consecrated in 1880, and set to work at once at the laborious task of rebuilding the missions ruined by the Zulu war. For seven years the country was thoroughly unsettled; at last it was annexed to Great Britain, and peace was the result; but Bishop McKenzie's strength was worn out by anxiety, care and danger, and in 1890 he died at Isandhlwana. The McKenzie Memorial College (removed in 1912 to Kwa Magwaza) keeps his name and example before the natives who are here trained to be catechists or teachers.

After an interval of nearly two years, the Rev. W. M. Carter gave up his work at the Eton Mission in the East-end of London, to become Bishop of Zululand. In 1902 he was translated to Pretoria, and in 1909 became Archbishop of Cape Town.

While he was Bishop of Zululand, the inflow of white colonists and miners greatly increased; in Swaziland especially, gold mines were opened, and a white population grew up at Mbabane; in 1897 Zululand was annexed to Natal, a change not without danger

to the natives, as it gave facilities to white men who might covet their lands. The seat of Government being placed at Eshowe, Bishop Carter removed thither; but Bishop Vyvyan, who succeeded him in 1903, has his residence nearer the centre of the country, at Vryheid, where St. Peter's Church serves as pro-Cathedral.

The last ten years have brought more and still more white men to settle in Zululand. Sugar is being grown along a five-mile belt of land near the railway which follows the coast; planters and their white assistants, clerks and mechanics, are living in the almost tropical, malarial climate, and needing (if they do not yet desire) the help of the church. Archdeacon Lee is single-handed in a huge district with several centres of this kind. At the same time that work and responsibility are increasing, money-support is hardly keeping pace with the general rise in prices; so that there has lately been a time of great hardship. The stress has been increased by changes in school matters and teaching—government inspectors tightening the reins and expecting greater results. In this last difficulty, Bishop Vyvyan and the wisest members of his staff see future good, although it adds for the moment to the hard problems of mission schools. During 1920 the senior or "normal" part of the McKenzie Memorial College at Kwa Magwaza had to be closed for lack of funds. In the remoter parts of the diocese the work progresses. Mbabane, the chief town of Swaziland, has two boarding schools, one for white and one for coloured children, the former being supported entirely by Archdeacon Watts; and a boarding-school is being carried on at Zombode, the capital of the old blind Swazi Queen. A new stone church has been added to the daughter-churches of St. Augustine, Rorke's Drift; the first synod has been held at Vryheid.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE TRANSVAAL.

"Your heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. You appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after."

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

To write a chapter about the Transvaal is the hardest task of any in this book; not merely because it contains the most startling contrasts that can be found in S. Africa; not that the problems are harder than elsewhere, but chiefly because it is so young and new, and its history still in the making, belonging more to the future than the past. Johannesburg has hardly struck root yet; Pretoria, the staid old-fashioned capital city, is barely sixty years old; Potchefstroom, founded in the forties, is the "old" capital, like one of the Cinque Ports on the English Channel, left high and dry above the tide. Pilgrim's Rest, where gold was first mined, has come down to be merely a market town. All these towns are comparatively near together in the southern half of the Transvaal, while right up to the Limpopo stretch hundreds of miles of bush-veld where white men are few, and natives live in settled kraals, and missionary problems resemble those in Zululand or Bechuanaland.

Johannesburg is far more English than Dutch, and the natives all understand one European language or the other, at any rate for business purposes. With its sixteen parishes and 20-30 clergy it gives the same

opportunities for church life that a manufacturing town would at home. Church-going is not, as so often is the case in S. Africa, an affair of long drives and long intervals; confirmation candidates can be prepared in classes or by interviews, not chiefly by the loan of books; daily services can be attended. There is a curious dearth of guilds and clubs such as would exist in an English town of equal size; on the other hand, church councils are more influential. In the coast colonies, English Church life is a thing of inheritance and tradition; in Johannesburg and all along the Rand, the Church is on her trial—ontnumbered, not by the Dutch Church, but by the English sects, new and old; in some parts surrounded by Presbyterians, in others by Wesleyans, and everywhere sapped and mined by the new explosives of Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science and New Thought. This means that Church people have to stand on their guard; their churchmanship has to be of a more manly and considered type. Not independence, but solidarity, is the watchword of the diocese of Pretoria to-day; and this it owes to its third Bishop, Dr. Michael Furse.

Pretoria has the Cathedral, but the English population there is quite in the minority, and so Pretoria is not at all like the Cathedral City of English novels, sleepy and party-spirited. Besides its parish work, and its mission work for natives and for coloured people, the city benefits by the presence of the Wantage Sisters (Community of St. Mary the Virgin), who have their admirable Girls' School here and their House of Mercy at Irene, only eleven miles away. Pietersburg, 120 miles to the north, has a great work on hand—the Diocesan Training College for native and coloured teachers, with its "normal" (or senior) and its preparatory department.

Three communities are at work in the diocese—the Wantage Sisters mentioned above; the Sisters of East Grinstead, who have St. Margaret's High School for Girls in Johannesburg and St. Mary's Orphanage for white children; and the "Mirfield Fathers," or Community of the Resurrection, founded by Bishop Gore. The fathers have a Theological College for native candidates at Rosettenville; they undertake the great boys' school, St. John's College, which gives education on the lines of an English public school, and they supervise work amongst natives, both men and women, on the mines of the Rand, and in many country districts.

A visitor to the Magaliesburg to-day, seeing the country mapped out into Dutch or English orange and tobacco farms—with the natives, mostly Lutheran Christians, few in number, living in villages rather than kraals, finds it hard to believe that at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the fierce Matabele lived there, under a leader as inhuman as Dingaan. Moselekatse had made himself chief over a remnant of the tribes destroyed by Tshaka, and preyed upon the Bechuanas who were then spread over the tablelands between the Vaal and the Limpopo. His method was so thorough that the Transvaal would have been empty of humankind if the Boers had not arrived, driven him north to harry the Mashonas, and occupied the Transvaal themselves. The Bechuanas came out of the caves and gullies to which they had been driven, and soon passed under the rule of the Boers; only here and there a tribe from the west or north wandered into the country and settled down. Thus the Transvaal was almost devoid of population in the thirties and forties, just as Kaffraria was after the Kaffir Delusion; with this difference, that there was no Sir George Grey to plan and organise, and that the

British Government refused all responsibility north of the Vaal.

A small party of American missionaries sailed from Boston in 1834, and consulted the great Dr. Moffatt at Kuruman about evangelizing towards the north-east. They obtained permission from Moselekatse to begin, but were driven away by the conflict between his people and the indignant Boers, a party of whom he had murdered. The pathetic story of Dr. Lindley's attempt may be read in a charming book called "Incwadi Yami," written by a non-missionary, Dr. Mathews of Natal. This was before Dingaan's massacre, which ranged the British on the side of the Boers. The time had not come for beginning work among natives in the Transvaal, and when the English Church did send a solitary clergyman to minister in the country, it was only to hold services here and there for those who were Churchpeople already. Bishop Twells of Bloemfontein, visited Potchefstroom, Pretoria and Rustenburg in '64, and two years later sent a deacon to reside at Potchefstroom. Another clergyman was sent to Pretoria in 1870, and Bishop Gray had the insight to perceive that the country had stronger claims than Zululand or the Zambesi—though at that time no one had guessed that gold would be found, and a large mining industry established there.

Gold was found, however, in the early seventies, in small but tempting quantities, and a stream of English-speaking men began to flow towards the Eastern Transvaal. Bishop Wilkinson, of Zululand, held a Visitation in '72, though there was not a single church to visit, and only a few congregations. "The colonists will fall lower than the heathen," wrote that holy man, "unless the Church at home lends help," so in '74, five clergymen were posted in the centres, new and old, where population was gathering. Two of these



NEAR MAJUBA HILL. 1878. BISHOP BOUSFIELD'S FIRST TREK



had been Wesleyan Ministers. In all the "dorps" at that time, the Wesleyans showed a disposition to welcome the Church. Mr. Greenstock, the founder of St. Matthew's Mission, Keiskama Hoek, was preparing to break ground in Matabeleland, but for two years he was unable to get beyond the Limpopo, and filled his time by ministering to the Transvaal colonists; he was also the first to attempt work for natives there.

Up to this time, Christianity was represented by the "Dutch Reformed," which had built churches in the little towns, even as far as the Zoutpansberg in the north-east, the least settled part of the Transvaal; and mission work was represented by the Berlin Society, whose converts are to be found among all the civilized natives. But the gold diggings increased; Pilgrim's Rest became a good-sized place, and in '77, Great Britain annexed the Transvaal. It was evidently too important now to be treated in church matters as an offshoot of Bloemfontein; Archbishop Jones and Bishop Webb paid a visit together, to see how the Church's work could be systematised; and in '78 Dr. Bousfield was consecrated first Bishop of Pretoria.

His was a stormy episcopate of twenty-five years. First came the battle of Majuba Hill, the three-months' siege of Pretoria, and the re-establishment of the Boer Republics; the eighties were filled with the ferment of gold discoveries, and the rise of Johannesburg; the nineties with the Jameson raid, its causes and its consequences; the turn of the century brought the Boer War. Church matters had their share of strife. Two higher-grade Church schools were maintained in Pretoria; St. Birinus for boys, and St. Etheldreda's for girls, which later became the well-known D.S.G., but the Dutch Government persis-

tently opposed any grant of land to the English Church; twice Archbishop Jones had to come from Cape Town to arbitrate between church people at Johannesburg; two large missions to natives nearly foundered on the rock of faction; but in spite of all, Christian work went on and increased, both among the growing English population and the "kraal natives."

On this subject—work amongst the non-mining natives—a most interesting book was written by Canon Farmer, just at the time of the Boer War. He had gone out, as a young man, to Zululand under Bishop Douglas McKenzie. The Zulu War was just over, and everything was in ruins; he worked for thirteen years at Isandhlwana and on the Tugela, and then was obliged by failing health to seek a drier climate. So he turned to Pretoria diocese, and Bishop Bousfield asked him to travel up and down amongst the natives in the country districts working for farmers or living in kraals, to see how they fared. He found that a most astonishing work had been done by the natives themselves, almost entirely without the aid of white teachers. Men who had been working where there were centres of the English church—at Kimberley, Maritzburg, Cape Town—had come back to their tribe or their family filled with the desire to spread the gospel news. In many cases they were very ignorant missionaries; in a few cases, they started schisms or factions within the church, but the greater number were ready to be taught, and anxious to accept his ministrations and obey his decisions. From men of this style, Canon Farmer felt, a native ministry ought to be built up. His work was interrupted in 1899 by the war; but since the re-settlement of the country, the training of a native ministry has been taken up even more earnestly than before, by the Community of the Resurrection, in their Priory at Rosettenville.

These volunteer torch-bearers have been most successful in carrying the light into dark corners; but there is always a danger that, through ignorance, the light may become smoky. There have been fumes of self-conceit, faction, and self-will, darkening the light of the "Ethiopian" movement.

Among the Rand natives—the imported labourers—mission work was sadly late in starting. Arch-deacon Johnson had five hundred Zulu converts at work on the mines, and sent them teachers of their own race. Bishop Smyth of Lebombo found that twenty thousand of his "East Coast boys," some of them converts, were in the mines; but all efforts to counteract the temptations of compound life were checked when the war broke out in 1899, and the two years which followed the peace of Vereeniging were difficult and unsettled. Work among the house and warehouse natives of Johannesburg had been started many years before by the Rev. C. B. Shaw (see Chapter VII) one of the clergy on the staff of St. Mary's church. This mission, with its centre at St. Cyprian's, Doornfontein, is still the spiritual home of many hundreds of the native residents of Johannesburg. But it had not been able to extend its work to those employed in the gold industry.

Bishop Bousfield died suddenly in 1902, and for part of the time while the see was vacant, Bishop Carter of Zululand was sent to the Transvaal as Vicar-general. The result was, that he was asked to come as bishop, and resigned his diocese to take up the heavy burdens of Pretoria. He invited the Mirfield Fathers, from England, to take up native work upon the Rand, and the Wantage Sisters for the D.S.G., and the penitentiary, and early in his episcopate came the Mission of Help, that embassy of famous preachers sent by the church at home, which did so great service to church life throughout S. Africa (See Chapter XVI).

Bishop Carter did much for his diocese by organizing religious activities and stirring up parishes to self-help; but he did quite as much by winning love and esteem from laymen as well as clergy, outsiders as well as church members. In 1909 he was called to be archbishop, and then there was no doubt as to who should be his successor; the electors of the diocese decided without hesitation upon Archdeacon Furse.

And how to write the story of the last eleven years? Of the storm and stress, growth and progress, defeats and rebuffs and falls throwing "the giant upon his mother earth," which filled Bishop Furse's time at Johannesburg? It had to be Johannesburg, rather than Pretoria; for the demands of the Rand on its leaders did not wane with its wavering prosperity, but grew more insistent.

The work amongst mine-boys was fairly started; then work for their women had to be taken in hand! So a hostel was built where "girls" could live, going out by day to places as servants. The strikes of 1912 disturbed the world; Bishop Furse buried the victims of the riots, taking sides with neither. The great war broke out—he went to the front, first in Europe and then in East Africa, and afterwards sent all those of his clergy who could be spared from their parishes. And all the time, these parishes had been gradually "growing up"; both men and women taking more and more of a share in parish burdens, and learning in practice that "the church" does not merely mean "the clergy."

On June 24, 1920, the Rev. Neville Talbot was consecrated Bishop of Pretoria. His father is the present Bishop of Winchester, formerly Bishop of Southwark and Warden of Keble.

In his work for native Christians, Bishop Furse spoke out more strongly than any other leader as to

the necessity of equal laws for black and white. In his work for his clergy, he persevered until he had got two important measures settled—the money for their stipends is “pooled” and the stipends are “graded.” In his work for the laity, he encouraged self-government by all reasonable means. In all matters of social betterment he was to the fore, and he was especially active in calling out women’s work; both that of full-time workers—Sisters, missionaries, deaconesses, etc., and that of ardent people busy in their professions such as those who compose the Church Women’s Society and the Girls’ Diocesan Association.

A few words must be added to explain the obscure expressions used above: “stipends,” “pooling,” and “grading.”

Clergymen in S. Africa are supported for the most part by the free-will offerings of their people. A parish promises: “We will subscribe £10, £30, £50 a month,” and it entrusts its council with the duty of seeing that this sum is found. Small parishes that need a clergyman but cannot pay a living wage, have always been helped from a central fund, but on the whole each congregation has found its own money.

The dangers which attend on this admirable plan are two: (1) that a rich parish will pay its priest much more than a poor one can, which is unfair to the parsons; (2) that a clergyman may be tempted to stay on when he is past work, while an affectionate congregation provides for him—which is unfair to the people. The arrangement, in fact, was excellent in the first days of church life, but it needed to be improved as time went on. Improvements are never easy to carry out—“the good” remains a hindrance to “the best”; but in his last year Bishop Furse succeeded in getting it settled that (1) all money for

clergy stipends or salaries should go into one central fund, so that one parish priest should not be meagrely paid while another received more than he needed; and (2) that all stipends or salaries should be graded according to the clergyman's length of service and the needs of his family. Bloemfontein diocese had led the way in this reform, and Natal is following; while the Provincial Synod is endeavouring to make it the rule in all the dioceses of S. Africa.

In November, 1919, he was called to England to be Bishop of St. Albans, and in the following year the Elective Assembly chose the Rev. Neville Talbot, son of the Bishop of Winchester, to take his place. Bishop Neville Talbot was consecrated on June 24, and was present at the ninth Lambeth Conference of bishops from all parts of the world, at which some important steps were taken towards the re-union of Christendom; he came to Africa in September, 1920, and at once threw himself into the hard and complicated labours that weigh upon an "overseer" of the Transvaal.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE ATLANTIC ISLES AND COASTS.

"My island! my sweet capricious island."

*Anthony Hope.*

The early history of St. Helena is more picturesque than important. It had no inhabitants of its own, and became a British possession as early as 1673. Its one romance was the captivity of Napoleon after Waterloo; later on it was the prison of a noted Zulu captive—Dinizulu, Cetewayo's son, and of several hundred Boers after the war of 1900. Its population has varied at different times from four to seven thousand, and has always consisted of a mixed race descended from European settlers and Asiatic or African immigrants, while a few English families form an island aristocracy.

Bishop Gray visited St. Helena very soon after he came to Africa, and was deeply touched by one of the sights he saw there, a village of rescued slaves waiting to be repatriated. He early resolved to get St. Helena a bishop of its own, and ten years later he succeeded. Dr. Piers Claughton was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, and took up the charge in 1859; but after three years was called to Colombo in Ceylon. Then Bishop Gray asked his friend Archdeacon Welby, who had done splendid work in the district of George (near Mossel Bay) to undertake this outpost of isolation and poverty—St. Helena, Ascension Island and Tristan da Cunha. Bishop Welby persevered for over thirty years, and though worn out and anxious to resign, he still held on, in order to tide over a crisis caused by the unworthy conduct of one of his

clergymen. In the midst of this difficult time, a carriage accident caused his death, and the islanders mourned his loss as that of a father. In his days the Government ceased to allow the Bishop of St. Helena a salary as Chaplain, and as the population is all poor, it is very difficult—without the help of the S.P.G. it would be impossible—to pay the clergy a living wage.

On Bishop Welby's death, Dean Holmes of Grahamstown, became next bishop. He had been many years in South Africa, and had done most excellent work in Grahamstown diocese. He died in 1904, and the present bishop is Dr. Holbech, who worked many years in Bloemfontein diocese, as rector, canon, chancellor, Warden of the Sisterhood, archdeacon and dean; sometimes itinerating among the loneliest camps of gold miners in the wilderness, then staying at his post in Kimberley through the siege, holding daily service until the church was bombed to pieces, and encouraging the people of the town who took shelter down the shafts of the diamond mines.

Compared with Tristan, St. Helena is quite in the world. The little volcanic island, four miles square, can only support about 100 people, and they live a curious existence between plenty and penury. They have numbers of cattle, and milk is abundant, but they cannot export their beasts because the sea is too rough for vessels to land. The winds are so strong and so constant that trees can hardly grow and have to be planted in extinct volcano-craters for shelter. American whalers call now and then, but not at regular times. Naturally, the isolation of such a life tells more upon an educated man than upon those born there; and so it is that only three times since 1850 have clergymen volunteered for such a place of banishment. Just at the beginning of Bishop Gray's time, a missionary going out to Ceylon happened to

call there. His ship was delayed, he went ashore several times, preached and baptized, and wrote home a touching account of these Crusoes. It touched the heart of a Mr. Taylor, who was ordained specially for this post, and remained from 1850 to 1856. Then came Bishop Gray, after a second visit to St. Helena, and was greatly pleased with the people and with Mr. Taylor's efforts for them; but towards the end of that year the pastor and nearly all his flock removed to the Cape.

In 1881 there was again a population large enough to need a shepherd, and this time the priest who offered was a brother of "Lewis Carroll." Mr. Dodgson spent two terms of four years there, and was delighted both with man and nature; but in the end his health gave way and he had to go back to England. Then came Mr. Barrow and his wife, who worked with great devotion for several years until 1909. In 1920 there were nearly 100 people, but no resident priest.

Ascension Island is governed by the Admiralty as a shore establishment; it has a garrison of officers and men with their families. It is also of importance as a telegraph station, and has a considerable staff. The bishop visits it twice a year from St. Helena.

Another task almost as solitary and more exhausting is, or rather has been hitherto, the work in the west of S. Africa; in Cape Colony up to the mouth of the Orange River, and also among the copper mines beyond, in what was until lately "German West." Bishop Gray with his usual thoroughness, made two visits into this desert country, and tells in his Journal how on one occasion he stood upon a heap of copper shavings worth thousands of pounds. He found missions in existence for the Hottentot and "Nama" natives, managed by the Moravian Brethren, those self-denying pioneers who went so early and so far

afield; these missions had begun well, but had fallen into the mistake of treating the natives *too long* as children, so that a period of stagnation had set in. But it was the English settlers, scattered and isolated, who were the worst off; and the difficulty of reaching them remains very great. In 1884, Walfisch Bay was annexed to Great Britain; in 1894, the Rev. Alan Gibson, Bishop Key's friend in Kaffraria, was made co-adjutor bishop of Cape Town, to assist Archbishop Jones. In 1903 he was able to go across the Orange into Nama Land and Damara Land, and seek out the English Church members there. He started from Luderitz Bucht, and ended his round at Walfisch Bay. Later on, when illness obliged him to give up his work as coadjutor-bishop he undertook to minister to these western deserts as "Bishop of Walfisch Bay." This was not to be. His health altogether failed and he had to retire from active service. Visits have been paid and the sacraments administered by the Rev. F. C. Boehm, both in 1910 and 1913; throughout the country scattered members of the English Church are found, and it is likely that since the war their numbers will increase. Archdeacon Fogarty is now at the head of the English Church Mission in the vast territory north of the Orange River (see Chapter XVI).

Port Nolloth is well within the borders of Cape Colony, but still it shares some of the characteristics of that lonely coast. It is one of the few places where Hottentots are still found, and the Rev. W. Breach has been carrying on work amongst them. If the Hottentot race is dwindling and dying out, it is good to know that in the sunset of their days the people are being taught and cared for; a few years ago Port Nolloth could show 150 of their children gathered into a mission school and a number of sick and aged entertained at a Christmas tea.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MASHONALAND.

“Red kine, pied sheep and goats, and bronze-dyed swains.”

*A. S. Cripps.*

The story of the Atlantic coasts has brought us well into the present century, but there are two “beginnings” still untold—the founding of the diocese of Mashonaland, and that of Lebombo. We must go back to the days of the Boer Republics, and follow Bishop Knight-Bruce of Bloemfontein on his adventurous journey to the Zambesi. His diocese was, on its western side, a mission diocese still. It included Bechuanaland, and that had no definite northern limit. A lively writer\* who appraised him well, described him thus “Bishop Knight-Bruce had the eye of an empire-builder—he could sit still and wait while the future was making. He saw where colonization was pushing forward, and longed to have missions founded before, and not after, the arrival of the inevitable case of whiskey. So in 1888 he took a few months’ absence from Bloemfontein in order to make a trek through Mashonaland.

His journey was a masterpiece of well-planned exploration. The party consisted only of nine natives, several of them Christian. “If I had to make another journey,” said the bishop, “I would take none but Christian natives.” “I can remember,” he wrote later, “the women of a tribe coming to stare at me as though I were a new arrival, and the black child-

\*Nurse Blennerhasset in “Adventures in Mashonaland.”

ren, when they caught sight of me, giving one look of speechless terror, and unlike white children, who would have stood still and screamed, gliding without a sound, like young partridges, into the thickest cover, and taking advantage of every bush to get home without being seen."

"But," he continued, "the people, *within the trader's travelling distance*, are changing every day." Close on his heels followed the Chartered Company, which obtained mining concessions from Lobengula, and soon occupied four trading stations—Forts Tuli, Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury. The work was different from what Dr. Knight-Bruce had hoped, but it was all the more urgent; in '97 he was asked to undertake it, as Bishop of Mashonaland. So in the same year he went north again, this time following Canon Balfour, that untiring voortrekker, and a beginning was made for regular work both amongst the natives, and the men of the Chartered Company. On this journey he walked 1,300 miles, and visited 45 towns or villages; he was most cordially received, and all the lesser chiefs asked for teachers.

The Mashonas of that day were fine fellows in body, lithe and well-built,<sup>1</sup> industrious and handy—good smiths and metal-workers; but slovenly and unwarlike. The Matabele were just the opposite, in being very brave, and like all the Zulu nation, very clean; they were extraordinarily proud and cruel, and refused to look upon the Mashonas as anything better than cattle; the fear of them and of the Gazas (to the east) seemed to have eaten into the Mashona character, and taken away all nobility.<sup>2</sup>

Mashonaland and Matabeleland now form Southern Rhodesia, and that is the title of the present

(1) See *Faery Lands Forlorn*.

(2) *Travels in Mashonaland*. By Knight Bruce.



NEAR PENHALONGA



bishop, Dr. Beaven. The country is settled and civilized, the towns which have sprung up are filled with English families and at least ten have churches; at Bulawayo is an important High School for girls, managed by the Grahamstown Sisters, who have also St. Gabriel's Home for friendless children.

One of the most striking missionary achievements in the diocese is Penhalonga, the great mission farm and industrial institution near Umtali. In a well-wooded, well-watered spot, 4,000 feet above the sea stand the buildings of this school of industry, forming a great half-moon—boys' huts at one end and those for girls at the other, with the church and school-rooms between. The Rev. Douglas Pelly started in 1898, reviving a work he had begun six years earlier, which had been wrecked by the Matabele war. The numbers of the scholars went on growing, and after a while they asked that Christian training might be given to their intended—or possible—brides. In response to this, St. Monica's school for girls was opened in 1904 under Mother Annie, who reigned over it until 1917, and then handed it over to Sisters from Grahamstown. Mr. Powell, vicar of Upton Park, in the east of London, was a generous helper to the work. In 1908 he became the third bishop, succeeding Bishop Gaul; but ill-health soon robbed the diocese of his kindly care, and within three years he was obliged to leave Africa.

St. Augustine's, Penhalonga, was dedicated to the memory of five men who had given their lives for Mashonaland—the list beginning with its first bishop, and ending with its first martyr. Bernard Mizeki was a catechist, trained and baptized at Cape Town, who offered himself to Bishop Knight-Bruce, and was placed at "Mangwendi's." The witch-doctors hated him because he undermined their influence; in the

rebellion of '96 they saw their chance, attacked him with axe and spear, and left him for dead. He recovered enough to crawl under a rock, and his wife came to him at night, for five nights, with food; but on the fifth night she found him dead. Bernard's memorial is not only in the buildings of Penhalonga, but in the lives of many converts.

St. Augustine's has proved its worth by steady increase in numbers. On the day of its dedication, three baptisms took place—a father, mother and child. In 1913, after Canon Etheridge had been for twelve years at the helm, a hundred catechumens were baptized at Easter, and sixty more at Whitsuntide—all after long probation. War and unrest brought the numbers down to seventy in 1918, but they were soon mounting again. The students are for the most part trained, not to adopt European ways, but to live as Christian Mashonas; there is, however, a college for teachers attached, from which the diocese draws its supply of teachers and catechists, and a class for "ordinands" is under the guidance of the Mirfield Fathers. Penhalonga is the only industrial boarding school of Southern Rhodesia; an off-shoot from it is the great mission station at Bonda, with its fourteen out-stations.

Rusape, now the largest mission station in the diocese, was also founded by Mr. Pelly, in the days before the rebellion of '96. St. Faith's and the Epiphany Mission were the earliest centres of work, but to-day there are at least fifty out-stations connected with it. The years before 1905 may be said to have been those of ploughing and sowing in the mission field; since then have come the years of increase.

The principle of "self-help" or "pay your way" is very firmly taught in Mashonaland. One after another, the various missions report "Sustentation:

Fund started—congregation assessed—contribution fixed at so much a quarter from each male, and so much less from each female convert.” This is the prose of mission work, but it is most necessary and satisfactory prose; and probably it is just this feature of the Church’s missions which has won the respect of the colonists, for there has been a great change for the better lately, in the attitude of Rhodesian settlers towards missionary work.

But prose has not swallowed up romance, in the veld and forests of Mashonaland, for Father Cripps still tends his flock there; still celebrates the Holy Eucharist at dawn on a rock-altar when he is trekking from one village to another; still adds to the poems, rhymed and unrhymed, which depict so truly both the soul and the body of that “Arcadian” race. A few lines from his verses will tell better than other words can do, the scope and the inspiration of the “Church of the goat-herds”:

“So when the sun is almost down,  
Bright in the slanting light we come,  
Bearing our rustling grass-sheaves high  
Against the splendour of the sky—  
To thatch for Christ a home.  
Thou Reaper-God, o’ daybreaks spread  
Its board with brave wayfarers’ Bread!  
Our hay-sheaf harvests crown  
With corn-sheaf of Thine own!”

There have been four bishops of Mashonaland in thirty years, and three have broken down. Dr. Knight-Bruce went home in ’94 to die; Bishop Gaul and Bishop Powell recovered some measure of health after they had resigned; Dr. Beaven, the present bishop, has held on for nine years, and it is hoped will hold on much longer. But when one reads the story of the pioneer journeys, one sees that they were

as arduous as any undertaking for conquest or exploration. Bishop Knight-Bruce and Canon Balfour, Archdeacon Upcher and Dr. Rundle and Mr. Pelly faced hardships and dangers as trying as Speke or Grant or Baker when seeking the sources of the Nile. And probably it was not so much hardships as anxiety and anguish of mind that wore out the strength of the first two bishops; for can there be anything more harrowing than to have friends on both sides, in a cruel and relentless struggle? This was their position in the Matabele war of 1893, and again to some extent in the rebellion of '96. True, it was not their converts and hearers who rebelled—more often they were the victims—but it was the heathen whom they hoped to reach; while on the British side there were acts of vengeance and reprisal perpetrated by hangers-on only of the fighting force, but bad enough to stain the white man's name. In '99 the country was caught by the flame of the Boer war, and gallant Bishop Gaul only just escaped with his life. He and Archdeacon Upcher left Mashonaland for Mafeking with Colonel Plumer's relief column, and the ambulance waggon in his charge was "shelled and shotted" by the enemy. The bishop had to make an adventurous détour of eighty miles, but after being reported missing, reached Mafeking in safety.

One or two stories of this war give too excellent a glimpse of the church's work for her scattered sons, to be omitted.

In 1900, several battalions of the Colonial troops and Imperial Yeomanry arrived at Umtali in Rhodesia on their way from the coast to Mafeking and Pretoria. In passing through Portuguese territory, numbers contracted illness, and many died and were buried at Umtali. It fell to Mr. Roxburgh, the priest-in-charge, to minister to the troops. "The

church became a miniature kaleidoscope of Greater Britain. On the first Sunday a few big shy Bush-rangers from Central Australia hung about the building. One of them said: 'You know we have an English service once in six months on our station, and an English minister rides round to take it. I don't suppose this is the same sort of service.'

'Yes it is,' was the reply; 'and you will see in a minute.'

'How is there an English church here?'

'Because friends at home keep it going.'

'Fancy coming 4,000 miles and dropping into the old church again.'

All these men turned up for service half-an-hour before the time, and though many of them had never even been at one of their own Australian cities until leaving home, yet they knew the English service and could sing the English hymns. After the Australians had left, the Canadians came, fifty of whom presented themselves, to make their first Communion since they left Canada. They were followed by the New Zealanders, one of whom said 'That Church of England seems to be everywhere.' Lastly came the Imperial Yeomanry and the Sharpshooters, and in the same seats where men from other parts of the world had been sitting and worshipping for the five or six Sundays before, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scots and Welshmen knelt and worshipped and sang to the same God in the same service."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## LEBOMBO.

“Honour the beginner, even though the follower does better.”

*Kaffir saying.*

The diocese of Lebombo is next door to that of Mashonaland, but it differs from it in every possible way. Mashonaland has always been in the public eye. Lebombo is unknown to any but Church-people, and only to a few of them. Mashonaland was dragged into publicity by the exploits of Selous the hunter, of Cecil Rhodes and “Doctor Jim”; Lebombo, if it figures at all in books of travel or adventure, does so under other names and is not recognised by the ordinary reader. In Mashonaland the missionaries have had dangers and hardships enough and to spare, but they have not been cut off from the society of fellow countrymen except by their own deliberate choice—often that society has been of the very best, though alloyed with the “very mixed lot” that turns up wherever gold is found. But the neighbour diocese lies entirely in Portuguese territory—“it would be kind if people would remember that letters cost two-pence-halfpenny,” wrote the bishop once—it had the drawbacks without the stimulation of war, and as regards white companionship it offered something very like isolation. The only Europeans settled in the country were Portuguese, while Englishmen, at any rate in the nineteenth century seem to have come only to hurry

away again. The Chartered Company, too, and the army always "upheld the Church," whatever their line of agreement with it might be; but the Portuguese Republican Government is nominally non-Christian; no church is established, and no cross, bell, or outward symbol of religion may be placed on a building—all this is chilling and depressing in the face of heathen tribes around.

Even in their origin the two dioceses offered a contrast. Mashonaland was surveyed and explored by one intrepid pioneer, and his report of its needs and possibilities was so moving that he was sent to be its apostle—he then started with a small but efficient band of picked and trained helpers. Lebombo was mapped out for the Church by Bishops Wilkinson and Jones; once visited by Douglas McKenzie—and entered by its first bishop quite alone.

William Smyth, doctor of medicine as well as of divinity, was a Cambridge clergyman and a friend of Dr. Hicks, the fourth bishop of Bloemfontein. He was consecrated at Grahamstown in '93, and began his journey up-country with one priest, who died on the way. One clergyman joined him the next year, and in '95 a native catechist, John Mathew, gave up a post in Johannesburg to go to Lebombo diocese for a quarter of the stipend. By degrees other workers came from England and S. Africa, both men and women, but the staff has never been large and the difficulties from climate and fever are enormous. Dr. Smyth found that one of his first tasks was to fix upon a place in the mountains at which his workers could recruit; in a sermon preached in England (when collecting funds) he said "perhaps the chief duty of the Bishop of Lebombo is to keep his clergy in health."

The mountains which give the diocese its name, divide it on the south-west from the Transvaal and Swaziland; the Sabi River, on the north, separates it from Mashonaland *Diocese*—for that diocese extends beyond the frontier of Rhodesia, to the Indian Ocean at Beira. Delagoa Bay with Lourenço Marques is the one centre where Europeans are found in any number. Inhambane, on the coast, is or was the headquarters of the Church, and here Dr. Smyth gave a practical proof of his respect for missionaries belonging to other bodies, by delimiting spheres of action with the American Methodists, and fixing his centre well away from theirs.

Again and again it has happened that mission priests have gone out to distant countries ready to work for the heathen, and have found themselves side-tracked, perhaps for years, amongst people of their own race, and obliged to devote their energies to converting the converted. This was the case when St. Francis Xavier went to India—he had to spend his powers greatly on the Portuguese; it was also the case in Bishop Smyth's new work—he had to place his first helper, the Rev. J. Bovill, at Delagoa Bay, a place so notoriously unhealthy that his friends offered to provide him with a coffin. The present was not needed; Mr. Bovill cheated the grave-diggers, and persevered for four years in the work that most of all needs trust and obedience—that of recalling the fact of Christianity to shifting waifs and strays of civilization, and casting abroad seed of which he would never see the growth. When the Boer war came, it brought still greater opportunities for this work of faith, as refugees in crowds passed through Delagoa Bay, 45,000 coloured and native mine-boys in one month; but some of this developed into settled and fruitful ministry, for a proportion of the boys

were Christians who stirred up others, and began a "mission offensive" where they stayed.

Eleven native mission stations were founded in the first six or seven years, some of them in touching circumstances. Here are one or two of the stories.

Robert Makusa was a chief who in his younger days had been baptized and confirmed in Natal by Bishop Colenso. He returned to his country, yielded to the temptation of polygamy and later on repented. In proof of penitence he built a chapel on his own land, and not only supported a catechist, but acted himself as lay-reader for the last year of his life.

The catechist from his village moved on to open a school at another village; here a leading man had had quarrels with some unknown missionaries in former days, and burnt down the school. But when he heard it was an English Church mission, he apologized and provided another hut in its stead. The undaunted catechist, in the meanwhile, had taught his scholars without shelter in the blazing sunshine.

In another place some travelling teachers of the "Independents" had formed a native congregation, and left it under a native minister; but after a while he asked the bishop to confirm him, and brought over his whole flock to the church.

These were among the beginnings. In 1911, two Homes had been started at Inhambane, one for women and girls between 13 and 40, the other for children from 3 to 15. It helps us to realize how self-denying were the workers, when we read that in that year water was first laid on to the mission buildings, so that they could at last enjoy the luxury of baths—for years before, the water had been carried two miles to the station. Another great luxury was the gift of a donkey, so that the mission ladies were no longer

obliged to tramp through the dust to their classes and their visits.

One of the first tribes in the diocese to be drawn towards Christianity was that of the Ma-chope or Chopis, who in '98 were refugees living near Lour-enço Marques. They returned later on, to their own country in the south, and a mission has long been carried on there by Archdeacon Gillett, but has suffered much from the need for more English priests.

The mixture of tribes and multitude of languages in Lebombo diocese is remarkable; and in addition to the medley of Bantu peoples, there are Asiatics of every sort living in the coast towns. The Europeans, too, are of every nation, but for the most part they understand English.

How much we owe to Bishop Smyth! How often his wise words have been "as nails well fastened," driven home exactly at the right spot.

"We go out preaching amongst the villages, and sometimes it happens that our words convince the heathen. They listen, and feel that what we say is true. 'And then,' you say, 'You convert them?' My brothers, *we cannot convert them*. We may convince, but no one save Almighty God can convert men. We must wait until He does that."

That is a lesson to sympathisers with missions when shallow or impatient. Here is another for those who are tempted to be intolerant.

"When we come to a village where a Wesleyan, or Independent, or other mission is working, shall we refuse to pray with them? No one can tell, who has not moved about alone, among masses of heathendom, what the terrible spiritual isolation is, or what the joy of meeting other Christians; we could not possibly refuse to pray with them."

Again, on the question of keeping native Christians in tutelage, he wrote a warning against forgetting that, though a child-race, they do grow up.

"I have seen a mission where all the people went to church morning and evening, and if they did not, the missionary went round to their huts with his walking-stick, which was not used only for rapping the floor. The old priest died—and the people took a holiday! . . . Government is needed in a mission station as in a country; but I think we may be bold to say that it is a necessary evil."

Even more to the point are his words about the Ethiopian movement—the attempt of Christian natives to form an African church, not a mere copy of a European church.

"The little experiment of corporate reunion which has been tried in S. Africa in connection with the "Ethiopians" very nearly came to grief because of the unwillingness of the church laity to welcome their Ethiopian brethren as brothers."

In 1912, after twenty years' work, Bishop Smyth resigned, and the Rev. Latimer Fuller was chosen to succeed him. Archdeacon Fuller had come to Africa as one of the Mirfield Fathers, and had worked eleven years on the Rand; he had given to the world an admirable little book, "The Romance of a S. African Mission," and he has written forcibly on the relations between European and African Christians. In 1919 he too was obliged by ill-health to resign, and the diocese (1920) has now received a successor in the Rev. . . Fisher.

Dr. Fuller has become Director of Native Missions in the northern Transvaal, and Dr. Smyth has taken charge of a hostel for church students in the Government Native College at Fort Hare.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE ORDER OF ETHIOPIA.

Patience, not passion, builds up the great heart.

*Frederick Tennyson.*

In Chapter X and in the last chapter, mention was made of the Ethiopian movement; but what does this expression mean?

The following paragraphs, sent by Canon Wyche of Grahamstown, will explain.

“(Inception.) In 1892 a body of Native Christians broke off from the Wesleyans, and coming under the influence of the “African Methodist Episcopal Church” (a body of negro Christians in America) formed a party calling themselves “Ethiopians,” under the belief that “Ethiopian” was the Bible name for “African.” In ’94 they were joined by Mr. James Mata Dwane, a man of high rank in the native tribe of the Amagqunukwebe, who had previously been a leading minister among the Wesleyans. He brought with him a number of other Wesleyan natives and speedily became a leader of the new religious body. After a time Mr. Dwane began to feel the need of some Rule of Faith and of definite church discipline, and to obtain these, he and others were sent to America in ’96, to the “African Methodist Episcopal Church.” The presiding minister, “Bishop” Turner, thereupon came to S. Africa, and visiting the chief Ethiopian centres set apart certain preachers as deacons and elders, and “ordained” Mr. Dwane “Vicar-Bishop.” The African Methodist Episcopal Church, however,

did not ratify Bishop Turner's action, and when Mr. Dwane revisited America in '98, though they received him with kindness, he obtained no official recognition by the A.M.E.

Returning to Africa, Mr. Dwane came in contact with the Rev. Julius Gordon (now Dean of Pretoria), who explained to him that "the A.M.E. never having themselves received it, could not give the grace which comes through the Apostolic ministry, and is conveyed by Episcopal Ordination." Mr. Dwane saw the need at once, and explained in his turn everything to his people at their own conference at Queenstown. After a good deal of discussion, the Conference decided that they would thank the A.M.E., and sent the following resolutions to the Archbishop of Cape Town.

(I) That, having regard to the great importance of Christian unity, and being convinced that the Scriptural and historical safeguard of the same is the Catholic Church, this Conference resolves to petition His Grace the Archbishop of Cape Town, and the other Bishops of the Province, to give our body a valid Episcopate and Priesthood, and to make such arrangements as may be possible, to include our Body within the fold of the Catholic Church, on the lines indicated in our Superintendent's letters to the Archbishop.

(II) That this Conference accepts and embraces the Doctrine, Sacraments, and Discipline of Christ, as the same are contained and commanded in Holy Scripture, according as the Church of England has set forth the same in its Standards of Faith and Doctrine.

In February, 1900, at Archbishop Jones' request, the Bishops of St. John's and Grahamstown (Dr. Key and Dr. Cornish) with priests chosen by them, met Mr. Dwane and his committee at King William's

Town, and at this meeting the Ethiopians definitely stated the following as their ideal:

“We desire to retain our corporate character, all internal matters to be under our own control as far as possible. We wish to be self-supporting, and to be allowed to work as we will and where we will, promising to obey the Archbishop and the Provincial Synod; and we leave the question of the ordination of our ministers unreservedly in the hands of the Archbishop. Our own expressed wish, moreover, is that Mr. Dwane shall be our Bishop.” It may here be said that from this desire they have never wavered nor changed, in all the troublous times through which the Order has passed.

Following the meeting at King William's Town, the Archbishop summoned an Episcopal Synod to meet at Grahamstown in August, 1900. So it came about that on Sunday, August 26, Mr. Dwane was received into the fellowship of the Church and confirmed by the Archbishop, and formally appointed Provincial of the *Order of Ethiopia*. This is the first time we read of this title; “Order of Ethiopia” is the only name by which this body of Christians is known officially.

(*Difficulties.*)—For a time all went well. The chief of the tribe of the Amagqunukwebe offered Mr. Dwane the use of a piece of land in the Middledrift district. Here Father Alfred Kettle first began to instruct the Ethiopians. Unhappily he lived only a few months. His work was carried on by Father Puller, of Cowley, at Queenstown, where he lived in a house in the Native Location, and instructed twelve men for upwards of a year. In 1902, the Rev. W. Cameron came out to be instructor to the Order, and beside two full-time “chaplains” (Mr. West and Mr. Grant) some of the European missionaries already

working in the diocese were appointed as "Missioners," in accordance with the terms of the agreement made between Mr. Dwane and his followers, and the Bishops of the Province. This agreement is known as the *Compact of 1900*. But there are sure to be difficulties where a body of Christians works under the Bishops, but not under the parish priests, and the missionaries of the Province found it difficult to deal with a state of things which necessarily had to allow, in some places, of two churches being built side by side, each with its own minister.

*The Conference of the Order.*—No reference was made, in the *Compact of 1900*, to the Conference of the Order, which had always been held in connection with the Ethiopian community. It is held annually in the month of February, and at a different place each year. Its functions and duties are laid down in the Constitution of the Order as framed by the Bishops in Synod in 1900. The head of the Order is called the Provincial, and he is appointed by the Bishops of the Province. Ordinarily his term of office lasts for five years. At the annual Conference, the work of the Order during the previous year is reviewed, statistics tabulated, evangelistic work considered, and domestic affairs of the Order generally are discussed, including such changes in the stations of Catechists and Preachers as may be necessary.

The Provincial is assisted in the administration of the Order by a Chapter consisting of twelve members, six being appointed by its "Visitor" (that is, the Archbishop), and six by the Provincial himself after consultation with the Conference.

*Finance.*—The Order manages its own affairs. By the Constitution there must be three joint General Treasurers, (one European and two Natives) chosen annually by the Chapter. The contributions of the

members are collected by the Mission Steward at each station. These stewards hand over at each quarterly meeting to the District Steward the funds collected by them, and he forwards them to the General Treasurers. These contributions are allocated to five funds: the Provincial's Fund, the College, the Ministry, the Missionary and the Emergency Fund. The College Fund defrays the cost of training of the ministers; all these have been trained at St. Bede's College, Umtata (see Chapter VI.) except one, who was at Rosettenville (Chapter X.). The Emergency Fund is charged with administrative expenses. The Ministry Fund pays the stipends of Clergy, Catechists and Preachers, according to a scale of stipends adopted by Conference—part of each worker's stipend being collected in the place where he works. At the present time (August, 1920) the stipends amount to about £850 annually.

*Chief Centres.*—The members of the Order to-day number between three and four thousand. There are three priests (including the Provincial), two Deacons, and twenty Catechists and Preachers giving their whole time to the work. The chief centres are in the Diocese of Grahamstown, with stations in the Diocese of Pretoria, mostly along the "reef," and in St. John's Diocese (Kaffraria).

*First Provincial.*—James Mata Dwane, the first Provincial, was a born leader. No one who knows the history of the Order and its troubles, can fail to admire the sagacity and skill with which he presided over and led his followers. His influence was great, and he used it for the good of his people, for at one time when it seemed likely that the followers of the Order would break away from the Church, it was mainly owing to Dwane's wisdom and loyalty that this catastrophe was averted. He died at Grahams-

town in 1916, and was buried in the Native Cemetery. His place was taken by the Rev. William Geule, who still holds office.

No account of the Order could omit mention of the work which Bishop Cameron (co-adjutor of Cape Town diocese) did for it with such wonderful care and patience. The experience gained in St. John's diocese (see Chapter VIII) fitted him specially well for his task. He left the parish of Ryde in the Isle of Wight, and came out to be instructor until 1911, when Mr. Dwane was re-appointed Provincial.

A thoughtful observer of African life, Mr. Dudley Kidd, writes thus of the Ethiopian movement. Most Christian bodies, he says, tend to de-nationalize the native; but "the Church of S. Africa is a shining exception to the rule, for it has at least had sufficient spiritual imagination to start the Order of Ethiopia, of which great things may be expected. This '*Order of Ethiopia*' within the church of S. Africa is in striking contrast with the '*Ethiopian Church*', which is a sort of Cave of Adullam in which converts meet only to infect one another with race-animosity."

## CHAPTER XV.

## GEORGE AND BECHUANALAND.

"One event is always the child of another, and we must never forget the genealogy."—*Bechuana saying.*

The last two dioceses to be formed have been "George" in the south of the sub-continent, and in the middle of it "Kimberley and Kuruman."

When Bishop Gray secured the division of Cape Town into two dioceses, he only meant it as a step towards the division into three. He saw that the middle of the south coast, near Mossel Bay, with its quickly-peopling hinterland, needed a bishop as much as any other part, and he began to collect funds for the purpose. Then came the Natal troubles, and the money was needed for the support of Dr. Macrorie at Maritzburg, since the earlier gifts (both of land and money) made to the see of Natal, were adjudged by the English Privy Council to Dr. Colenso.

After Colenso's death in '83, a small party of church people in Natal still kept these funds and properties in their own hands, trying to get a bishop of their own choosing; at last, in 1911, the dispute came to an end, and the funds used to support Bishops Macrorie and Hamilton Baynes were set free for George. Archbishop Carter, with the bishops of the Province and the other electors, at once chose for the post Archdeacon Sidwell of Pretoria, the first bishop S. African born and bred.

The new diocese is a large country district, all farms and fisheries, with two sea-ports and a market town. The cathedral of St. Mark and St. Wini-

fred's diocesan school for girls are in the town of George, which gave its name to an archdeaconry formed by Bishop Gray. This archdeaconry, with the addition of four parishes from Grahamstown, became the new diocese. Dr. Hamilton Baynes mentions "the scattered country parishes of Cape Town diocese," and probably had this eastern portion in mind when he wrote: "the special feature may be said to be the work that is being carried on among the coloured people. In the large country parishes there are sometimes ten or a dozen out-stations, generally ministered to by coloured or white catechists, with large congregations drawn from the farm-labourers or fishermen, who speak nothing but the 'Taal.' " This was in 1908, and he went on to say that "the foundation of a coloured ministry has just been laid." The large mission congregations of Mossel Bay and other centres are still a noticeable feature of the work.

When "George" received a bishop of its own, church life went forward with a bound. Every parish and chapelry was visited once a year, contributions to church funds increased wonderfully, and the young diocese led the way in collecting "Ember Pence," a fund used for the education of candidates for the priesthood, so that poverty may not prevent suitable men from preparing to be ordained.

The inhabitants of the diocese number about a quarter of a million; out of the whole, about a twelfth are members of the English Church; and of these 19,000-20,000, the very large majority are "coloured people"—that is, descendants or spiritual descendants of the congregations who responded so willingly to the efforts of Bishop Gray and his first helpers, especially Archdeacon Welby before he became Bishop of St. Helena. The exquisite scenery and cli-

mate of the coast make it attractive to visitors, and the Garden Route railway is doing its best to develop the "holiday industry." This will probably increase the proportion of white to coloured people, and is not unlikely to increase the proportion of church people as well.

Kimberley and Kuruman has a longer story. It is really a diocese of Bechuanaland, while Kimberley gives it a certain amount of white population and of money support. The Very Rev. Wilfrid Gore-Browne, who had been for eleven years working at Pretoria, was unanimously chosen as first bishop, and entered upon an inheritance of extraordinary heroism in mission work. Archdeacon Crisp, Bishop Gaul, and Canon Bevan had been among the pioneers of Bechuana Christianity, but they were only three amongst many others.

Bechuanaland includes Khama's country, and the district in which Moffatt and Livingstone laboured, nearly a hundred years ago. It has long been almost a "preserve" of the London Missionary Society, to so great an extent that the English Church felt relieved of responsibility. In the south, however, there were and are heathen tribes, and a party of these, in 1874, went to Bishop Webb while he was visiting Barkly West, and begged for baptism. The bishop could not resist so touching an appeal; as soon as possible, he sent two young priests from the Modderpoort Brotherhood, Mr. Crisp and Mr. Bevan.

Mr. Crisp did a great work, but duty called him to many different scenes and places; Mr. Bevan stayed at Phokwani nearly fifty years, and may be said to have made the whole district Christian. He was a man of unusually wide reading and culture, but devoted himself entirely to his people. Many new mission stations, both in and outside Bechuanaland, were

opened by men who had been catechists under him, while two native disciples joined him in his work, and eventually were ordained. In the first years, he suffered from the oppression of a hostile chief; next, war broke out and the Bechuanas fled; the chief was thrown into prison, and Mr. Bevan visited him there; in '91 a number of young men who had been Christians went back to heathen ways; in '97 came the dreadful rinderpest, which slew the cattle and impoverished natives and colonists alike. It caused serious troubles at Phokwani, because the people resented the quarantine measures, and murdered three white storekeepers. Canon Bevan was threatened but not hurt, but what was far worse, white men suspected him of complicity with the rebel natives, and the newspapers raged against him. This died down; then came the Boer war, when he was shut off from the world for seven months; but through all he maintained his faithful round of work and worship, until, even as early as 1900, he was "no longer a missionary, but the pastor of a large congregation of Bechuanas, dispersed over a very wide area." His Christians are not encouraged to wear European dress, or to push in amongst Europeans. On one occasion, a catechist with his flock walked thirty miles to Mafeking to receive their Easter Communion; they left home on Good Friday, arrived while the English celebration was going on, stayed reverently till the end, and then had their own service.

Sometimes Canon Bevan would take a short holiday among the Cowley Fathers at Cape Town; during the Boer war he paid a visit "home"; but latterly he felt the approach of age, and Moses Kraai, the native priest who lived with him, realised that he himself did not know enough to act as doctor and nurse. So the old man resigned; but just then the

great world war broke out—he heard of Lord Roberts taking part in it, and withdrew his resignation. But only for a time; in 1919 he left Phokwani and started for England. He had to wait for a boat, and meantime he ministered to two Basutos who were in prison, awaiting their execution for murder. A few days after landing, he met with an accident and died—among his own kindred, but praying to the last in the Secoana tongue endeared to him by many spiritual children.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## TO-DAY.

"Even in the act of living we are frustrated if we enslave ourselves to time. It is a truer wisdom to expand the present, than to contract it to a dot before the future."

A great French artist was glancing at the easels of his various pupils, as they waited trembling in his studio for criticism. "Paint up to your boots!" was his advice to a student who was in difficulties about his foreground.

That is just the difficulty in a book like the present. Unless the picture comes right "up to our boots," it runs the risk of seeming unreal. "Seen Winnipeg? Oh, but you only saw it *a month ago*—you wouldn't know it now!" If it endeavours to tell the story of "last month," it cannot escape the charge of being patchy and partial—too much detail here, too many omissions there. All that can be attempted is to allude to recent phases in regard to some of the things begun in the heroic period, and to give a few facts which may serve as a rough draft for a picture of the S. African Church to-day.

"To-day" means the epoch of more settled work which follows upon the days of the pioneers, and which began much earlier in some parts than in others. The dioceses which we must study under this aspect are Cape Town, Grahamstown, and Natal.

Cape Town first of all. It is the place where the battle for synods was fought and won—the battle, that is to say for the self-government of the church.

The Synod is the council or parliament which provides that government shall be carried on in a free and reasonable way, and yet in a settled and ordered way, inherited from the first days of Christianity. Bishop Gray called his synod together four times, clergy and laymen sitting with him to frame rules for the diocese. Each new diocese added to the Province followed suit, and above these are two organizations—the Episcopal or Bishops' Synod, and the Provincial Synod for the whole of S. Africa, which meets at the various cathedral cities once in six or seven years, and at which all the bishops of the Province, with elected clergy and laymen, assemble for solemn council.

In the early days—in Bishop Gray's time—keen disputes were urged over the exact nature of the connection between the Church of England and that in S. Africa. Was the younger branch an infant or a full-grown child? Could it walk alone, or must it be in leading strings? In later years, the most remarkable occasion was that on which the marriage law was defined (in 1898)—the whole Provincial Synod, in its fifth meeting, agreeing that divorce was contrary to the law of Christ. On this eventful day, everyone felt too deeply moved to proceed to further business; all sang the *Te Deum* together, in thankfulness for the peace and concord of their deliberations, and separated with solemn and yet joyful emotion.

One thing was still needed for the Synod of the Province—"hands" to carry out the resolutions which as "head" it formed. This want was supplied in 1909, when at the suggestion of Bishop Furse of Pretoria the Standing Committee was formed; this consists of one priest and one layman from each diocese, to continue the work of the Synod from one meeting to the next.

The most dramatic thing in Archbishop Jones' time was the Mission of Help. In 1904 a band of forty priests from England, all specially noted for their powers of preaching and giving counsel, spent six months in S. Africa, visiting almost every parish and mission-district throughout the Province. The work had been mapped out and the way prepared by a visit from a smaller number in 1902; every parish priest was interviewed, and the characteristics of his flock considered, so that as far as possible the right preacher might be sent to the right place. The inspiration of this mission was due to George Howard Wilkinson, so well known first as vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, then as Bishop of Truro, and lastly as Primus of Scotland. He had come out to S. Africa in search of health; came again in 1902 with Canon Scott Holland, and only just escaped being detained as co-adjutor bishop for Cape Town, by being called to St. Andrew's in Scotland. Bishop Wilkinson had previously been the suggester of the annual Day of Intercession for Missions, which was begun in 1872, and has resulted in so many lives being offered for church work at home and overseas. He was not able to accompany the Mission of Help himself, but his careful organising had planned it beforehand, and from his Scotch cathedral he lent it the support of united prayer.

Cape Town—capital and sea-port—is the home of two white and at least three coloured races. These things are enough to make mission work extraordinarily difficult, and the old colonial city has proved a veritable school for saints. One name stands out from many others, conspicuous for length as well as earnestness of service—that of Thomas Fothergill Lightfoot, apostle to the coloured people. Mr. Lightfoot was a young journalist when he heard Bishop

Gray speak at a missionary meeting; he gave up the profession and came out to him in 1858. He began his ministry in Cape Town and won over many Moslems by his unselfish devotion in the small-pox epidemic of that year. In '74, his first year of office, Archbishop Jones visited the mission chapel of St. George, and describing the hearty attention of the crowded congregation, remarked: "I never saw anyone whose heart was more thoroughly and evidently in his work than Canon Lightfoot. Hence the success which is attending his self-denying labours." Four years later, this congregation met to lay the foundation stone of their new church, St. Paul's: "one poor Malay woman asked that she might put into the collection a half-penny—all she had!" Another plague of small-pox swept the town in 1882, and again Archdeacon Lightfoot risked his life freely in attending on the sufferers, but it was not until 1904 that he was called away from his earthly post. His burial gave outward expression to the love and reverence in which he was held; "the multitude in the streets," writes Canon Wood, "was even larger than at the funeral of Cecil Rhodes. There was all the impressiveness of a public funeral, and yet it was perfectly spontaneous."

The metropolis, or mother-city of S. Africa has the advantage of two religious communities in its midst. In 1883 some of the Cowley Fathers came out and undertook work amongst the "Malays" and the "submerged" both of white and coloured people. St. Philip's, Zonnebloem, was at first their field of labour, and when that was organised as a regular parish they concentrated at St. Columba's Home, and the native location at Maitland.

The other Community in Cape Town is that of the All Saints Sisters, who came out in 1876 at the invi-

tation of Archbishop Jones, and of the band of ladies who had worked under Bishop Gray. They took over three institutions already in being—St. George's Home for friendless children (now called St. Michael's); the Penitentiary in Keerom Street; and St. Cyprian's higher-grade school for girls, opened in '71 under Miss Katherine Buller. These three have been much developed, and have been moved into better quarters; the Penitentiary is now the House of Mercy at Leliebloem. Three more have been added—St. Hilda's school, close to All Saints Home; St. Michael's church day-school; and the Home for Leper Children on Robben Island.

Beside these activities carried on by the Sisters, there is one good work dating from the earliest days, and one from the Mission of Help; the latter is the Refuge of the Good Shepherd, in Chapel Street, and the former is St. George's Orphanage for girls, a mission and day-school founded by Mary Arthur, one of Bishop Gray's most devoted fellow-workers.

The work of education throughout the Province has depended much upon the church's efforts. Just as it happened in England, so here in place after place the Church has shown the way—then the State with its deeper purse has stepped in, and set the Church free for missionary advance. The Roman Church was earlier in the field than our own, and in almost every town of importance her admirable convent schools are found.

The Diocesan College at Rondebosch has passed through several phases, always adapting itself to the needs of the time; but it is the same school that was founded by Bishop Gray in 1849, and housed on his own estate; after various changes, it has returned to the form which he originally designed, that of an English public school, and perhaps his shrewd fore-

sight may have dreamed of it as grown to its present numbers—over 200 boys.

The Native College at Zonnebloem was also his idea from the start. In 1858 he received some sons of the Basuto Chief, Moshesh, in a wing of his own house; within two years, the scholars who joined them were too many for their quarters, and Sir George Grey came to the rescue; at present Zonnebloem College has over 50 boarders and over 300 pupils. Many become teachers, all receive training in handicrafts; a large number of old students are working as catechists, and some as clergy.

The Missions to Seamen has an institute at Cape Town, as well as one at Port Elizabeth.

“It is, no doubt, a great work to start organisations,” once said Dean Carter of Grahamstown, rather wistfully; “but it is also a great work to keep them up!”

The work of Archbishops West-Jones and Carter at Cape Town has been, to a great extent, that of keeping things up. Bishop Gray was at the helm for twenty-four years, Archbishop Jones for thirty-two, yet throughout his toilsome episcopate he was in most cases building by the plans so well drawn out.

Outside the borders of the diocese, however, an enormous field of new work has claimed attention—the territory of “German West”—three times as large as the Transvaal. The pioneer journeys of Bishop Gibson in this country have already been mentioned. In 1914 General Botha opened a new chapter of its history, invading the country with converging columns from four different directions. Both his strategy and his numbers, coupled with rapidity of movement, were too much for the Germans. Exceedingly swift railway construction linked up the S.A.R. from Prieska with the German system at Kalkfon-

tein South. The campaign was over by July, 1915. Ten army chaplains of the English Church accompanied the forces.

Archdeacon Tobias ministered single-handed for some months. In December Canon Thornely Jones, Head of the Church Railway Mission, went to Windhuk, and made the necessary arrangements for a chaplain to itinerate along the thousand miles of line. In June, 1916, Canon Fogarty from Basutoland undertook the task of supervising the whole work of the Church in the Protectorate, in the double position of Vicar-General and Archdeacon of Damaraland. The district was constituted, in 1919, a missionary Archdeaconry under the Archbishop of Cape Town. In 1916 and 1917 Canon Fogarty was assisted by several priests, and early in 1921 Canon Tyser became Vicar of Windhuk but at the moment of writing the work is most terribly undermanned. The numbers of white settlers are growing fast. Windhuk has already 200 children in the government school, and the coming of Miss Mary Gould from Grahamstown has made it possible to open a church school for girls.

The diocese of Cape Town has been fortunate in one characteristic of its first three bishops—they have all been men greatly loved. The "Lives," written of the first two make this abundantly clear; while of Archbishop Carter a Cornish vicar from Swaziland said: "If I went back to S. Africa, as I should like to do, I would go to my former bishop—he *really cared*, and cared so much, for his clergy."

The story of Natal is the one that has been the most neglected in these pages. The fatal Colenso controversy seemed to block the way. That conflict was more dramatic than much of the daily spadework of home and native missions; but as time went on, Bishop Colenso's party grew less and less, while

the holy and stedfast Bishop Macrorie gradually drew the more earnest people to his side. Dean Green of Maritzburg, who had been driven from his cathedral and even from his home, toiled on as though he had never been molested. Dr. Colenso died in '83; in '93 Bishop Macrorie resigned, hoping thereby to end the struggle, and the next year Bishop Hamilton Baynes came out—not to peace, but to prolonged opposition and poverty. He had been vicar of a large church in Greenwich (at the mouth of the Thames)—a poor and gloomy parish, full of sailors and casual waterside labourers. When the news came that he had been elected to succeed to Natal, he refused at once, wishing to go on undisturbed at his uphill work. But Archbishop Benson of Canterbury told him it was his duty to go, and that no duty at home must stand in the way; he therefore obeyed and went, promising to stay seven years. At the end of these years he saw that peace was very near at hand; so he resigned, having seen that his namesake and arch-deacon, the Ven. F. Baines, would be chosen to take his post. The diocese was now almost united; in 1911 the last flicker of strife died away, and since 1913 there have been again two bishops in Natal—but not rivals; the second is the assistant-bishop, Dr. Roach, who had spent thirty years in self-denying work among the Zulu missions.

Natal is almost as much the home of church secondary schools, as Grahamstown. The Order of St. John the Divine was founded by Sister Fanny in 1887. It is primarily a teaching order. The Sisters conduct four boarding schools for European girls, two at Maritzburg, one at Frere and one at Dundee. They have a school for coloured girls, an orphanage for European children, a primary school in connection with the cathedral in Maritzburg, and an orphanage for boys in Durban.

The two leading church schools for boys are Michael House, and its "feeder" or preparatory, Cordwalles. The former was founded by Canon Todd in 1896, and removed a few years later to the slopes of the lovely Drakensberg. Cordwalles owes its beginning to Bishop Baines; it is on the outskirts of Maritzburg, and was founded about 1912. At Hilton Road is St. Anne's, also removed from Maritzburg, the diocesan high school for girls; it dates from 1879—the year in which St. Etheldreda's was started in Pretoria; and at Krantz Kloof is St. Mary's diocesan girls' school.

The Garden Colony takes the lead in mission work for Indians. In other parts of S. Africa, Indians are rich, and suspected of being richer than they seem; they make a living where white men cannot, and therefore it is natural that white men's purses are not opened to give them schools and churches. But in Natal there is a very large *poor* Indian population, and among these people missions have worked with considerable success, Hindu Christian priests from India assisting the English priests.

St. Aidan's hospital at Durban, started by Dr. Booth (who had worked under Bishop Callaway at Umtata) has been opened, closed, re-opened and removed more than once, but through all the changes it has done much excellent work for the poor coolie families.

In the Boer war, Dr. Booth organised a corps of stretcher-bearers among the well-to-do Indians, who were glad to prove their loyalty by ambulance work, since they were not allowed to fight.

The headquarters of the Indian mission to-day is St. Aidan's College at Sydenham, near Durban. Here Indian children are taught, teachers and catechists trained. The itinerating priest for the coast district

was the Rev. Arthur French, who was drowned in 1919 while trying to save the life of one of his pupils. Maritzburg, too, has St. Paul's School and Mission to Indians.

At Estcourt the diocese has its college for native catechists and clergy; at Modderspruit near Lady-smith, a Normal College for native teachers; and at Endhlonhlonweni, its industrial boarding school for girls, where, to the ordinary lessons, are added gardening, spinning and weaving.

The history of Grahamstown diocese has been partly told amongst those of other foundations (in Chapters II, IV and V). Bishop Armstrong in his short two years lighted a beacon which his successors kept alive. He founded five missions to the heathen which are still in full work, as well as the famous boys' school, St. Andrew's College. The missions to Umhalla's, Kreli's and Sandili's have been spoken of in Chapter IV; two others were added—St. Philip's at Grahamstown, and St. John the Baptist at Bolutwa under Mr. Mullins. It is very impressive to notice that Bishop Armstrong's rule, so soon cut short, was the seed-time in which several ministries of unusual length and fruitfulness were planted—those of Canons Mullins, Turpin and Taberer in Grahamstown diocese, and Archdeacon Waters in Kaffraria.

Of Bishop Cotterill we have already read, as the loyal helper to Bishop Gray, and the sympathizing father to missions at the time of the Kaffir Delusion. Much of his work lay in strengthening what was begun; but two foundations owe their strength to him; St. Philip's mission, re-opened under Mr. Turpin, and the Kaffir Institution, afterwards partly merged in St. Matthew's, Keiskama Hoek. Here

Archdeacon Woodroffe began work—afterwards gratefully revered as translator of the Prayer Book into Xosa. But Bishop Cotterill's chief influence appeared in his guiding of the diocesan Synod, and in the great interest he aroused at home in S. African church work.

He had been appointed to Grahamstown by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, under the influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait; but before he was called to Edinburgh, the Province of S. Africa had gained its powers, and the diocese elected as its next bishop Nathaniel Merriman. He had been Dr. Gray's closest friend—an apostle of native missions—and had refused Bloemfontein out of love to his own diocese. Another of Gray's most valued friends joined him—Dr. White, who had been Principal of the Cape Town Collegiate School. Bishop Merriman ruled until his death in '82, and is still remembered with the warmest reverence and affection. In his time part of the diocese passed into that of St. John's, Kaffraria; a new mission to natives was opened in the north-east (St. Michael's in the "Herschel Reserve"); and white work was strengthened by the opening of a D.S.G. (diocesan school for girls) under Mrs. Espin, who with her husband did so much for education in Grahamstown, and through Grahamstown for S. Africa.

Then came Bishop Webb with his high renown from Bloemfontein, and gave thirteen years of his life to the older diocese. In his first year he started the women's work which developed as that of the "Grahamstown Sisters"; in 1886 he dedicated St. Paul's mission house, given by Father Simeon as a centre from which priests could do itinerating work; out of this sprang the celebrated Church Railway Mission, which now reaches Rail Head in

the Belgian Congo, and initiated a similar enterprise in Canada. The men and women of this mission devote themselves entirely to the white folk in isolated gangers' cottages and small stations along the railway lines.

In 1899 Bishop Cornish succeeded to the charge of the diocese, and guided it through the troubles of the Boer war. In his time the Province of S. Africa started its own theological college, St. Paul's mission house becoming St. Paul's Hostel. It was Bishop Cornish, too, as mentioned in Chapter XIV., who took a leading part in welcoming the Order of Ethiopia into full fellowship with the church. Another development of earlier mission work which took place during his term of office, the educational part of the Kaffir Institution, was transferred to Keiskama Hoek, and Canon Binyon became warden there.

The Dean of Grahamstown, Dr. Phelps, who is bishop at the present day, followed Dr. Cornish in 1915, and succeeded to a full share of the regard and affection felt for earlier bishops.

Grahamstown is full of schools. The proportion of buildings devoted to worship or to teaching is remarkable for a modern town. Its motto might well be the Breton proverb:

“Better instruct a child than collect riches.”

The church has St. Andrew's College, “to have been at which is a recommendation throughout S. Africa”; 800 to 900 Old Andreans took part in the Great War. For girls it has the D.S.G. and St. Peter's School; the Training College for certificated teachers, though open to all denominations, is the work of the Sisterhood. The town has the Rhodes University, and the Victoria High School for boys and girls; there are two great Wesleyan schools, and four managed by Roman Catholic communities. At King William's Town

there is another school for boys—the Church Hostel in connection with Dale College; and at Southwell, in the Albany district, the Diocesan Hostel for friendless boys.

St. Paul's Hostel, the theological college for S. Africa, belongs to the whole Province; Grahamstown being the seat of the Rhodes University, was felt to be the most suitable place for men to prepare for Holy Orders. The College was opened in 1902, and Canon Espin who had been Principal of St. Andrew's became the first Warden. On his sudden death in 1905, the Rev. E. C. West, who had been chaplain to the Order of Ethiopia, took his place. In 1915 Canon West was succeeded by the Rev. J. S. Bazeley, the present Warden. By 1917, there were St. Paul's men working as clergy in eight of the S. African dioceses, and a good proportion of the students were S. African born and bred.

The story of Grahamstown, in a little book like this, can hardly help being the story of the Sisterhood and its house, St. Peter's Home. There is something so extraordinarily impressive, and attractive too, about the figure of its founder, Mother Cécile, that in spite of much else that is noteworthy, she compels our chief attention. She was a disciple of Bishop George Wilkinson, and a friend of that true friend to S. Africa, Canon Scott Holland. She came out so young, died so early, and accomplished so much, that one's attention is caught by her personality first of all, and then by her work as the expression of her life.

It was a strange thing for a clear-headed man of the world like Bishop Webb, to accept a girl of twenty, and make her almost his chief woman-worker in a new diocese; strange that he should expect her to find out her work and develop it, apparently without guidance from older women; strange that a few

years later he should suggest the founding of a new Community unconnected with the Sisterhoods at home, under the leadership of this girl. Yet all these things were done, and were evidently rightly done, since the work has prospered both inwardly and outwardly, and all who knew the Founder or her successor, Mother Florence, are of one mind about its worth. There was very little beyond her own income for the ladies to depend on in the first years, they endured many hardships and suffered real want before support began to flow in—and when it did, they saved in order to build an orphanage. But what people chiefly saw was the Mother's activity and good sense; her quick insight which found out what were the pressing needs of Church families in Grahamstown, and her resolution and dash in supplying them. Her first school was for orphans; her first charges were two destitute waifs; but she very soon started St. Peter's which laid the foundation of her fame, and seven years later the Training College, for supplying schools with certificated teachers. Dr. (now Sir Thomas) Muir, the Superintendent of Education, and Mr. Schreiner, were her firm friends.

The war of 1900 tested Grahamstown severely, and the teaching work in particular; but in spite of interruption and mental strain, Mother Cécile's students did well in the Government examination. Under her influence, the Training College was made open to students of every denomination, and their ministers were freely invited to teach; in return for this, the Mother received permission to give Church teaching in the State undenominational school.

Mother Florence succeeded Mother Cécile in 1905, and the work went on with as much vigour and success as if she had been still at its head. Many hundreds of students have passed through the Train-

ing College, and in all parts of S. Africa they have maintained its good name, both for efficiency and for influence.

And now there are many things left untold which might well claim mention; and first the work of native missionaries which has brought such untold numbers to Christianity. A few names must be recorded here, but they are only a very few out of many: David Magatta, who began to preach in the Transvaal in 1836, and for his reward was publicly flogged at Potchefstroom; Jacob Tabane, "Old Jacob", often slandered and suspected, but faithful to his ministry for 30 years; Joseph Meballo in Basutoland; Canon Paulus Masiza, Bishop Key's friend, the first of the Bantu race to be ordained priest; John Kapuya, a fellow-worker of the martyr Bernard Mizeki, and Bishop Knight-Bruce's helper in the translation of Bible and Prayer-book.

The story of the Church Railway Mission too, under the brothers Douglas and Harry Ellison, and their successors, Archdeacon Rogers and Canon Jones, has hardly been touched on; nor that of Canon Mercer's work in Swaziland, the Mission of the Holy Rood; nor yet the steps taken by the Provincial Synod towards revising the Prayer-book, and bringing church services more home to the plain man. Most welcome of all would be the story of what the S. African Church did in the Great War—the heroism of her volunteers and chaplains, the steadfastness of her Christians in the labour contingents; but who can tell a story so recent and so little known?

This short review of the work of the English Church in S. Africa shows how well the country has justified its double name. The Church has had its full share of storm in its official dealings: it has its full share of hope, in the steady, effect of faithful

lives. Perhaps, looking upon the S. African Church as a whole, we may say that the best ground for hope lies in its power of self-government, and its readiness to pay for value received; and that the least hopeful feature is its slowness in attack on the strongholds of heathenism. S. African churchmen have re-learned the method of government by the bishop in Synod, which was the custom in the first days; they have learnt, in a few years, to do what English churchmen forgot after Anglo-Saxon days—to support their own clergy. But the Christians of early England, and still more of Ireland and Scotland, sent missions far and wide—to Friesland, Switzerland, and the dangerous countries along the Rhine; while on the other hand in S. Africa the work amongst heathens has been largely carried on by the money-help of people many thousand miles away.

Business first, says S. Africa; and as business includes building a church and paying a clergyman, she does it in a most thorough and honourable way. But the conversion of the neighbour races she looks on as a sentimental dream, and leaves it to visionaries.

Yet it is very likely that among the best business heads in the country are the civil servants; for while they have to look as keenly after pounds and pence as store-keepers or stock-brokers, they have to look further ahead. Public opinion—the considered opinion of thoughtful laymen—has veered in several directions, but in 1890 a most unmistakable testimony was given by the report of the S. African Native Affairs Commission, a report which has been called “the Magna Charta of native missions”:

“The Commission is of opinion that hope for the elevation of the native races must depend mainly on their acceptance of the Christian faith and morals.”

The Rhodesian Native Affairs Commission of 1911 was almost more favourable; its words are these:

"We do not recommend any system of instruction apart from missionary organisations at present..... We are agreed that the native, like the rest of mankind, does not live by bread alone, and possesses mental impulses and aspirations which demand satisfaction..... We are convinced of the entire necessity for the strengthening and restraining influence of religion in the evolution of the native from his savage state, at a time when their old beliefs are shaken, and their old tribal customs and rules are being slowly broken down".

As a pendant to these official utterances, we may set the opinion of a layman in the Magaliesberg district of the Transvaal: "My experiences have shown me that it is possible for the native to add a practical Christianity without the loss of his natural good manners, when he has a sane Christian to guide him."

"Our missionary methods" said Bishop Key, when speaking in Cape Town, "have been arrived at after many years of careful work, of failure, and disappointment. Briefly, I would sum up our experience, in a word, as the awakening of a conscience in the native. I suppose we are all struck, in dealing with these people, with the want of it—the absence of the idea of sin; but how soon does a conscience respond to any appeal! It is as though the faculty were latent, not absent; and as a proof of this ready awakening, I would refer to what has taken place among you here—little sums of money sent up into far off Kaffirland, to make reparation for thefts of long ago."

These quotations, which should be pondered and not hastily read, go a long way to prove that the

Christianizing of the native is practical and possible. The other half of the Church's task—quickenings the white man's conscience until it is really Christian—can never be finished and can never be easy; but the Church in S. Africa has shown that she is not afraid to grapple with it, and that the freedom of action which she won at the cost of devastating storms, is her best weapon in entering upon her inheritance of hope.

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